

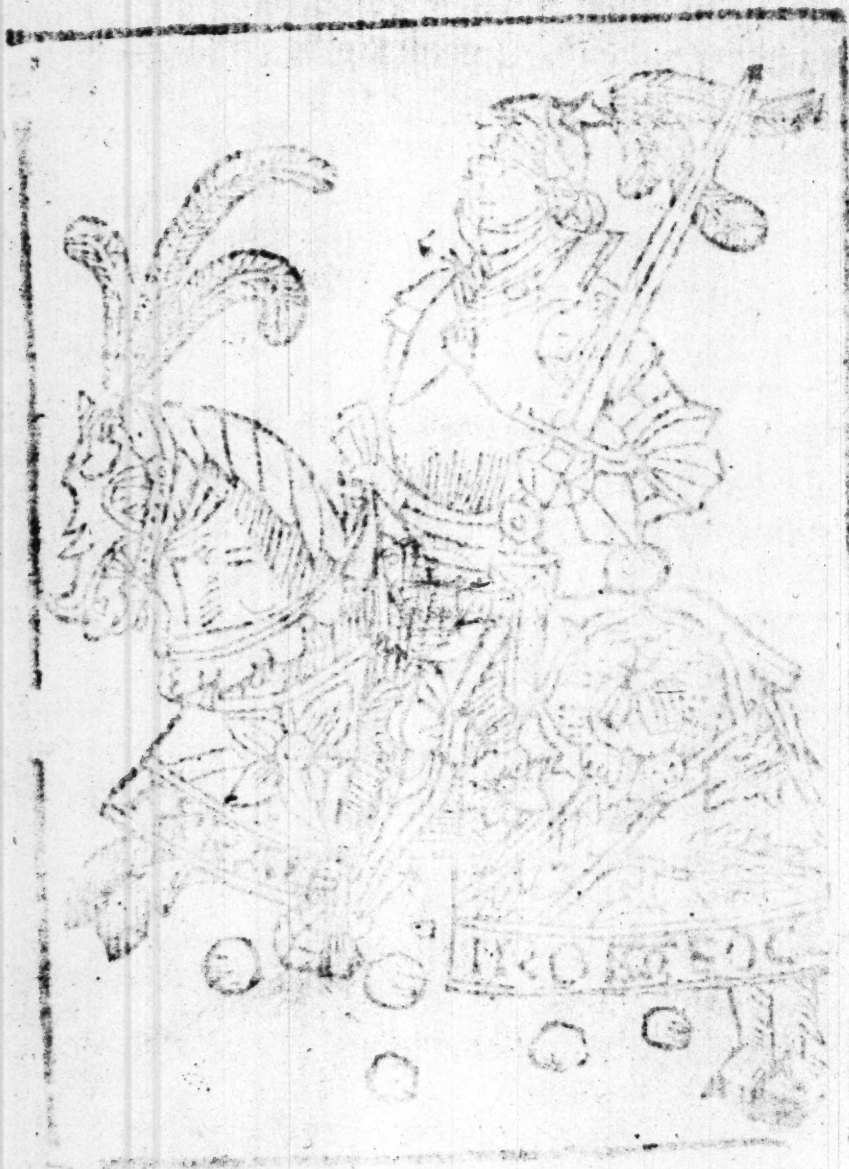
# 20 Shipwrecks of Hampton

*Handwritten notes:*  
K. 18





Ja zylyda yye  
uoyumae





**L**et me tell you I have  
that have been in many a fight  
and held up england in honour  
That before this time hath been  
By a knight it is that I mean  
Sir Beues of hampton the knight hight  
that neuer was preed a coward in fight  
And by his father that hight syz guy  
a goodly knight and full hardy  
And how he was betrayed was  
Throughe his wife alas alas  
that by me was guy of great renoune  
Wile he was of South hamton  
In Chesham dome faire and free  
Of doughtiness was not his pere  
He none so hard he none so stronge  
He loued the right and not the wronge  
Whyle syz guy was younge and light  
knowne he was a doughty knight  
In every land he went and yede  
For to wyne him price and meede  
In fraunce, in flandres, and in Almaine  
In Bzoban, in Cecile, & in Britayne  
In Dalmatie, Calye, and in Gascoune  
In hungre, Calabie, and in Bargeyne  
In Dole, in Romaniae, and in Mayne  
In Cucke, in Abian, and in Spayne  
In Eastland, Norway, and in Sweedone  
In Scotland in Wales, & in Lumbardone  
In Chesham dome, and also in heat benesse  
Full well is knowne in syz guys worthynesse



**W**as none founde so good as he  
Whyle he was yonge and folyshe  
Whyle he was yonge and folyshe  
But whan that he was olde  
He wared feble, etoked and colde  
Than tok he his lene of chivalrye  
And dwelled in Englande certaynly  
In that tyme king Edger anon  
Sent after sir guy full soon  
For sir guy was trewe and byste  
And knowen for a knyght of prayse  
He made him highe steward of his lande  
And what so ever he sayde it wolde stande  
He kept well Englande in his dayes  
And set peace and stable layes  
That noman was so hardy  
To do another bylany  
Upon a day thought sir guy  
That he wolde wed some fayre lady  
And haue betwene them some chylde fayre  
That of his lande he might be heire  
The king of Scotland in that tyde  
Had a doughter of muche pryde  
The emperours brother of almaine  
Loved that lady as men sayne  
And so did guy god hym saue  
and at her father he did her craue  
The king of Scotland for the  
Gave his doughter unto sir guy  
Against the wyll of his doughter bryght  
She had lener haue had that other knyght  
for

But sir guy was wakened  
Alas that was better to him chace  
His owne lyfe for to lose  
Byz guy wedded that lady  
and brought her home to his countre  
So long to bedde he her ladde  
that a manchild together they hadde  
Bevis they called that childe bold  
He was yonge but seven yere olde  
Whan that his father was slayne  
with the murdure of Almaric  
that lady bethought her upon a day  
Unto her selfe gan she saye  
My lord is olde & may not worche  
all day he bideth in the churche  
What for dawling and what for age  
He loveth not with me to rage  
But had I taken a yonge knight  
That he had not ben brused in fight  
He would me love both day & night  
and make me all y<sup>e</sup> mirth y<sup>e</sup> he might  
Truly it shall be thus no whyle  
I shall let sle him with some gyle  
After a messenger they lady send  
That before had been her frende  
She sayde thou shalt on me mesage  
Thy selfe alone without any page  
So that thou kepe my counsaile  
I shall the quite well thy trawaile  
Madame he sayde holde you still  
For I will do after your will



The lady was than gladd and glad  
 So she sayde to Almayne  
 And grete well to me thy brother  
 Brother to the Emperours  
 and byd him to the Emperours  
 Of the moneth of Maye  
 that he in the foreste be  
 well armed with his meins  
 Byd him that it be not leued  
 But that my lord be there  
 and sende to me to a present  
 My lord shall haue to him  
 If he me loue that shall I be  
 Go forth and grete him thus by me  
 the messenger to the water  
 Alas the wynde was all forspede  
 Into almayne he was brought  
 to the court he went he forgate it nought  
 and asked sone at one and other  
 tyll he came to the Emperours brother  
 And toke the letter in hande  
 the lord it redde as he there founde  
 Howe truely maye I well see  
 How that lady loueth me  
 Glader I am yf that I it saye  
 than any longe tell maye  
 All hit well than I shall do  
 Grete here well and say to her so  
 Haue here a steede for thy traualle  
 with treasure charged woute faple  
 and ff it stand in mayne and might  
 I my selfe shall make the a knyght

And as he was thus  
in Hampton by some four score  
of his enemies that there were  
and sayd my good lady god thee se  
well sye whether grete the  
while he is of the melleage  
ful wol be hard wille me not byage  
and certaynly he wol be prest  
both a great hood in your forest  
thy lord to assaile with maine and might  
Thy love to myne lady bright  
whan the messenger had all sayd he  
the lady helde her well apayde  
In the fyrst daye of maye  
the lady sayned her speke and lape  
She made a man her lord to call  
and sayd menaced her befall  
the Erle for her hadde sorowe and thoughte  
and askyd her yf she wolde ought  
for he said might I it get  
Of a wylde boile I am wode I hate  
Dare he not with love more  
where might I fynde I wold the sayne  
that might ones glad the  
Bye in your forest bredeth he  
Dane he said make good solace  
for to that forest wyl I go challe  
and she said with treison then  
Blessed be thou of all men  
the Erle a couer gan strepe  
His swerde he hangde by his side  
there





There myght no man with him yone sail  
 He was the forner man therein  
 Alas that he had bene  
 Of his enemies that were  
 When he came to the forest  
 He gan chace after the beest  
 That him herde by his houndes  
 And escheped gay as a traptoone

Two picked out before the king and God so  
for peeping into the window of the king  
And to his guy he says and the king  
yeide thee traitor for thy unfaithful  
thou and thy fellowe both dede shall be  
for the sake of thy lady here  
For I her lover to thou her true  
yf thou her have it shall the same  
Syr guy him answered with reason  
and sayde alas here is treason  
yet wyll I so god me defend  
Here in my right me defende  
Erether than other hande  
than spured his horse good syr guy  
and smote syr murdres with a spere  
Out of his saddle he gan him bere  
traytoze he sayd and cowarde unboly  
weneest thou thought I be olde  
that I shoulde of thee be olde  
with syr guy he sayde and the king  
and wolde have sayde that he  
had not for to come full of  
Syr murdres men bid them to  
agaynst syr guy they were full of  
sowthly syr guy behind him  
an hundreth he flew with his handes  
had he ben with armed men  
all the mayster and he was  
By then syr murdres was horted agayn  
Syr gupes horse they had layne  
alas his horse was so sore the king  
Syr guy was then thurt to the ground



for had his horse slayne & he lay on the ground  
he had shate all their payngynon for  
wha sir guy was on foot without les  
all they sayn about his puelle  
you neuer here of an old man  
that fought so well as he did  
Then kneled guy to syr Murdure  
and said mercy and succoure  
and sayde murdure for thy gentry  
Thus cowardly let us not be  
But lend me horse & armour  
And let me dye here in the felde  
and with thee that I do so  
I thee forgyue and thou melle  
than cried they all in this wise  
Sle him that he neuer sle  
with that syr murdure to him rebe  
And smote there of his head  
to a knight he toke his hede in hande  
So he sayd and bare this lorde  
to the counsell that is to be  
and say I doe to her house this night  
the knight wente to that lady gentle  
and sayd madame haue this puelle  
My lorde thes is sente syr murdure  
this night he cometh vnto thy house  
This gifte the ladye is lefe to me  
and thaked syr murdure of his gentry  
and saye I am all at his will  
Ely and late lorde and still  
the messenger wente his waye  
and toke his lorde what he dyd saye



**N**ow wyl I saye to you  
How he was myn hert  
Alas he said and all to me  
that I had not my father  
to have holpen me  
agaynst that false charyte  
To his mother he said  
why hast thou my father  
I wyl be amonge  
alas that I am  
And all fallowen to  
to the dyuyll of  
But on the mother  
yf euer I see  
I shall be amonge  
W.ii.

his mother his wordes understode  
and gaue him a buffet on the head  
to the ground he fell that was harme  
his maister toke him up by the arme  
then called his maister syr sabere  
that chyld was to him lyfe and deye  
for sabere was syr gyles brother  
In England was none surche another  
home with the chyld sabere wente  
the lady then after him sente  
sabere the lady for well or for wo  
By sonne Bevis sake that thou shalt  
for I shall neuer glad be  
That day that I him se



Sir sabere was not well apayde  
But grupted by the lady sorde  
Home he went with wordes fewe  
and for a wyle a pygge helde  
Bevis clothis that was so good  
He sprycked with pigges blood  
Syr sabere than all for drede  
Clothed the chyld in a poore rade  
and sayd bevis thou must kepe  
Upon the spelde all my chepe  
tyll the spouage be brought to me  
and then wyll we no males be  
There is an apple tree to the  
thou shalt there dwelle with him be  
whā thou arte byggen armen to bere  
and hath strength darer to were



and amonge the father be thou as age  
than shall I helpe thee for to fight  
with dinge of the be to hymne the right  
therfore my thepe se thou forth byre  
What no man knowe thou arte on the  
forth went bevis with saberes thepe  
into the felde and foregan wepe  
Whan bevis a bygh upon the downe  
he looked vp to south hamptowne  
and as he behelde toward the towne  
Trumpettes be herde and taboure  
harpyng there was and muche blase  
In the place that should haue ben his  
Lorde he sayde of me thou art gouernoure  
Was I not an erles sonne of honour  
I wyll no lenger dwell in this downe  
I wyll home to south hamptowne  
And wyll se nowe for thy  
what murdure doth with that lady  
he ranne falle on his yate  
tyll he came to the murdres gate  
Porter he sayd take none yll  
for into the halle on message I wyll  
I ye rebauide sayde the porter the  
hoze son harlot home thou go  
There was neuer man but he were madde  
that woulde on message sende suche a ladde  
hoze son sayd bevis yf I be one  
yet harlot was I neuer none  
thou shalt neuer graunge man dispice  
haue this he sayd for thy scruple  
b.iii.

suche

that the daye cleue to the halle  
Bevis into the halle wente  
with dragged clothes and licties came  
All aboute he gan beholde  
to sye what he sawe words bolde  
Falle there what doest thou here  
why hast thou slayne my father  
my mother it is that thou haste  
wende forth in the deuyls name  
and yt thou dwell agayn my lefe  
I trust to god I shall the gette  
Byr mutdure holde you still  
thou canst no good but muche yll  
Bevis hit syr mutdure at that worde  
What he towne at the boorde  
A nother stroke he smote lably  
with that the lady began to crie  
than bevis wolde no longer abyde  
For knyghtes role on every lyde  
For yonge bevis wo there was  
they toke him not but let him passe  
Bevis went home I you here  
He mette his master a mydde y stete  
what now bevis sayd Sabere  
For gods sake what doest thou here  
Betwene I haue my slep fathre  
and slayne I haue his owne portre  
than sayd sabere thou art to blame  
There I get bothe harme and shame  
But bevis what may betyde  
Owes agayne I wyl the hyde

tabere

Sabere him to chamber lode  
Of the countesse he was a lode  
The countesse wolde neuer lode  
till she came to sabere lode  
Sabere the lady where is become  
that uncouth lode that wrong felon  
Dame he sayd he is here  
at your counceyle and at your rede  
To his clothes are all blode  
thou liest the lady as thou were lode  
But thou me that lode take  
thou shalt suffer for his sake  
benis herde that the him thette  
to here he lepte with herte grette  
And sayd to her dame  
Do me mayster for me no shame  
the lady sayd thou art bolde  
Now to me thy lyfe is solde  
Sabere and a nother knight  
she called to her anon right  
Hym to them betoke she  
And had them cast him into the see  
and caste the boie amyd the dreine  
and sabere thought thou be his eme  
but yf thou dreine that gloston  
thou shalt aby for that treason  
Gladly my lady certayne sayd he  
the chylde they lede unto the see  
They wolde not dreine him for ought  
but another thynge they have thought  
they founde shippes both more and lesse  
of parmyes and of bestemys

they



They folde the chyld with moche thought  
and to the paynymys beuis they taught  
Beuis heart wyped all colde  
For he was to paynymys folde  
But yet him lyf not for to rage  
ouer they made good viage  
their lasse þ draw the wind was good  
They sailed forth as they were wode  
Tyll they came to the ryup  
Into the lande of armony  
the kinge Ermine of that lande  
his wife was dead I vnderstand  
he had a doughter fayre and bryght  
3 olian that fayre mayde bight  
her visage was wight as lilly floure  
her intanne the rede coloure  
with bryght browes and eyes shene  
with heare as golde wire on the gene  
with comly nose and lippes swete  
with louely mouth and fayre fete  
with tethe white and even sette  
here handes were swete as byolet  
with gentill body withouten tache  
well shapen both belly and backe  
with smale handes and fygert longe  
nothing of her was shapen wronge  
wherfore shoulde I her not bepryse  
There was neuer none fayre on lyue  
the merchauntes gan to the courtte gone  
And presented the kynge with beuis an  
therfore the kynge was fayre and bryght  
and thaked the merchauntes an humbled  
ly

Wolde the childe forsake his laye  
For by mahounde that setteth on hie  
yet saue I neuer childe with eye  
that bare so muche saynes  
Neyther in lengthe nor in brodenes  
Childe he sayd thy name tell me  
where thou wast borne & what contre  
By he said beuis is my name  
there I was borne thinke I no shame  
In England my mother bare me  
At south hampton vppon the se  
My father therof was erle a whyle  
My mother let flee him by a gyle  
and hath me solde to the painimes  
A wickeder womā may none be ywis  
and I may lide certaynly  
I shal avenge my father syr guy  
the kinge of armony sayd full well  
Ot guy of hampton I haue herd tell  
many a paynime and sarasine  
He hath slayne with muche pyne  
Beuis he sayde I haue no beyre  
But a doughter that is fayre  
and thou wylte thy lord forsake  
and to apolpn our god ther betake  
I shall geue her to be thy wyfe  
and all my lande after my lyfe  
Sir he said that wil I nought  
For alþ thinges þeuer was wrought  
He for no gyft that man had  
He for thy doughter that is so fre

yt I should forsake my creature  
the kyng had in him no stannce  
for he was stedfaste in his creature  
the king said beuis while þart swain  
Thou shalt be my chamberlayne  
whan thou art dubbed a knyght  
thou shalt bare my baner in fyght  
Beuis answered myde and syl  
what ys me byd do I wyl  
Beuis was loued with squier and knyght  
for he was curteise both daye and nyght  
Forþan gan beuis for to loue  
Quet all thinges that was aboue  
whan beuis was .xiii. yere olde  
Knight ne squire was none so bolde  
that agaynst beuis durste ryde  
He with no wepen him to abyde  
the fyrst dede withouten lesse  
That beuis did in hethenesse  
yt befell vpon christmas daye  
How it was I well you saye  
Beuis rode to the felde him to solace  
and syrry Sarasyns alas  
a sarasyn gan to beuis saye  
Beuis he sayd what hight this daye  
Beuis answered ywis  
I wote not what it is  
for I was but seven yere olde  
to the hethenesse whan I was solde  
Therefore felow blame not me  
yt I wote not what daye it be

the





The Sarasyns lard and loughs  
we can tell well ynoughe  
this is the Christmas daye  
That thy god was borne as men saye  
this dai thou shuld the god honoure  
with some nobles as we do our  
Bevis unto a Sarasyn layde  
Of chyllendome I have a brayde  
I wolde I were as well armed in this place

**W**hen erly gay my father was  
for his loue that wore the crowne of thorne  
and as this holy day was borne  
would I in with all the route  
than should men se withoute doubt  
Whether he were stronger in heuen  
**O** all the mahoudes that you can newen  
Herken felowes sayd the sarasyn  
How he despiseth Appolonyne  
yet weneth the crysten bounde  
that he woulde bynge vs to the grounde  
we wyll no longer haue respyte  
who so doeth best shal be seie now it yte  
turne thee beuys we the desyre  
there nought else but thou shalte dye  
all at ones on him they swonge  
and gaue him woundes wide and longe  
Beuys had no wepon great ne small  
wherwith he might defende him withall  
than was no bote to praye  
But let him do the best he maye  
Beuys was light and quicke  
an to the sarasyn gan he lepe  
and with his sylle he stroke faste  
that his cheke bone all to brasse  
A sarasyns sworde he toke in hande  
and felled al þe before him wolde stand  
there men myght se muche wo  
whan beuys began to go  
Some he gaue furthe a wounde  
that they lay grinninge lyke a bounde  
the sarasynes were wyght and fly

and

And allas he was  
aboute beuys the sarasyns bylepe  
as they had bene a flocke of shepe  
Of some he gan þe wibes to wote  
that the guttes trapped here & there  
there was no sarason that he kette  
But his body a sonder he kette  
there myght none fle by no spde  
But beuis made him to abyde  
and beuis within a litle stonde  
the .lx. sarasons had brought to grolde  
Great game had beuis to fe them  
the dead sarasyns to ke and gremme  
Here is fene said beuis in this stonde  
that god is stronger then man  
the sarasyns fledes homewardes rane  
without takyng of any man  
and beuys homwarde gan ryde  
With bloody woundes on eche syde  
He stabled by his horse tho  
and to his chamber gan he go  
To the freshe earth he layd him flat  
For to stanche his woundes with that  
tydinges came to king ermyne  
That in despete of Appolyne  
How beuis had slayne his men forty  
and to the king great shame & bylany  
the king swore to eat neuer no bread  
yf it were so tyll he were dead  
Whan Josian it herd he was full wo  
and to her father gan he go  
and said sir it falleth not to gette iudgement



Bevis is sompde of mode  
I wote he is na man but good  
he mahounde and by Carmagant  
But if it were his defendaunt  
Whan we hatte hearde both parties  
Than it is tyme to geue Justes  
than sayd the king bring both to me  
as Josian saith so shall it be  
Josian calleth forth two knyghtes  
So he sayde forth rightes  
To bevis chambze that is so free  
and byd him come and speke with me  
To the chambze they went as the chem bade  
Eythir other by theyr hande ladde  
Whan they came to the chambze doze  
The one knight went in before  
and sayd hevis is it thy wyl  
to come to speke with Josian thy syn  
Beves lokyd vp with grim visage  
ffy he sayd on your message  
I wyl not oues styre of this ground  
to speake with an bethen hounde  
Unchristened houndes I rede you fle  
Or your herte blude shall se  
the knyghtes hied fast awaye  
And to Josiangan the laye  
the sayd bevis called the hounde  
Chries within a lytell flounde  
We wolde not oft wende to him  
For all the cete beloked to gryme  
Then sayde Josian come with me

and

Forth then went with the maye  
to the chamber where bevis laye  
bevis looked by anon tho  
and Iolian in hir armes two  
toke bevis and kissed him swete  
his malice she sayd she wolde mette  
she sayd bevis lemmen thynore  
Thou art wonder sore  
there is not in all paynmys lande  
better salve I vnderstande  
than haue I brought this sounde  
for to hele ther with your wounde  
bevis rose vp at her byddinge  
and went forth before the kynge  
On bevis was tolde there that tyde  
thyrty woundes longe and wyde  
king ermyne franed þ south and herd  
Howe bevis and the saratyns ferde  
He had sucheruthe and ppyte  
the teres ranne downe plente  
He sayde daughter Iolian  
Hele bevis woundes and thou can  
I wolde not as I vnderstande  
lose his lyfe for all my lande  
Iolian gan bevis to chamber feade  
to stoppe his woundes they sholden not bleade  
with salues and drinkes she healed them softe  
and euer amonge she byssed hym oft  
So within a lottell sounde  
Bevis was hole and salued





**A** nyde bore was there abought  
 All men of him had great doubt  
 All the men that he toke

as Iolian saith so shall it be  
 Iolian collecteth forth two knyghtes  
 So the sayde south rightes  
 To beuischambre that is to see  
 and byd him come and speke with me  
 To the chambre they went as the them bade  
 Eether other by theyr hande ladde  
 When they came to the chambre bore  
 The one knight went in before  
 and sayd beuis is it thy wyl  
 to come to speke with Iolian thy syn  
 Beuis loked vp with grim visage  
 If he sayd on your message  
 I wyl not oves styre of this ground  
 to speake with an bethen hounse  
 Unchrystened houndes I rede you fle  
 Or I your herte blude shall se  
 the knyghtes hied fast awaye  
 And to Iolian gan the saye  
 the sayd beuis called the hounde  
 Chries within a lytell flounde  
 We wolde not oft wende to him  
 For all the cetye beloked to gryme  
 Resayde Iolian come with me

and



The boze was muche a wonder  
His head was great and so was his longe  
every man was greued both knight & king  
For to come in his metinge  
Lorde sayd beuis on a daye  
Whether it be as men saye  
Certes mi herbe shall euer be soze  
tell I haue foughten with þ boze  
Beuis rose vp erly upon a daye  
and saddled his good palfrey  
He toke a swerde stiffe and stronge  
a stronge shelde and a spere longe  
And than he picked ouer the felde  
Jolian sawe and all behelde  
Whan beuis came to woode he shoke  
his shelde about his necke toke  
his boze he tied to a thorne  
and began to blowe with his bozne  
All about the forest he sought  
But the boze founde he nought  
Till he came to the Devils Denne  
there he founde slaine many men  
that in that wood the boze slew  
the blode he dranke & the fleshe he gnethe  
Wise he said thou soule beest  
against me hatable thou beest  
Whan the boze of beuis had an eye  
He set his bristles all on hie  
and stared with his eyes all holowe  
as he would say beuis shalowe  
I haue meynaple

Thou art wounde  
there is not in all paynymis lande  
better salve I vnderstande  
than haue I brought this sounde  
For to hele therewith your wounde  
beuis rose vp at her brddinge  
and went forth before the kynge  
On beuis was tolde there that tye  
thyrty woundes longe and wyde  
king ermyne franed þ south and herd  
Howe beuis and the saratyns ferde  
He had sucheruthe and ppye  
the teres ranne downe plente  
He sayde daughter Iolian  
Hele beuis woundes and thou can  
I wolde not as I vnderstande  
LOSE his lyfe for all my lande  
Jolian gan beuis to chamber leade  
to stoppe his woundes they sholdenot bleade  
with salues and drinckes he healed them softe  
and euer amonge the kysses bytynste  
So within a lottell sounde  
Beuis was hole and sounde  
I haue meynaple

to the forest and flewe the wyld boze.



**A** nyld boze was there brought  
All men of him had great doubt  
All the men that be toke  
wish his tuskes be all to broke

the



The boze was muche a harder boze  
His head was great and so was his tonge  
euery man was greued both knyght & king  
For to come in his metinge  
Lorde sayd beuis on a daye  
Whether it be as men saye  
Certes mi herte shall euer be sore  
tell I haue foughten with þ boze  
Beuis rose bp erly upon a daye  
and sadled his good palfrey  
He toke a swerde stiffe and stronge  
a stronge helde and a spere longe  
And than he picked ouer the felde  
Josian sawe and all behelde  
Whan beuis came to wode he spoke  
His helde abought his necke toke  
His horse he tied to a thorne  
and began to blowe with his horne  
All abought the forest he sought  
But the boze founde he nought  
Till he came to the deuils denne  
there he founde slaine many men  
that in that wood the boze slewe  
the blode he dranke & the fleshe he gnethe  
Rise he said thou foule beest  
against me batayle thou heest  
Whan the boze offents had an eye  
He set his bristles all on hie  
and stared with his eyes all holowe  
as he would spy beuis shalowe  
Of thee said beuis I haue meruayle  
Well I haue seene my traitor  
22.1.



Asper to him beuis ded dere.  
In seven peces he brast it there.  
All to weake & spere was wroughte.  
For in the boze bore it nought.  
His sword he drew him to were.  
But there might no dinte him dere.  
Beuis thought at eche dynt  
that he had smiten vpon a flinte.  
The boze smote at beuis so herde  
that he was nere had taint coward.  
Without rest fought they  
Tyll it was none at the dape.  
Lorde sayd beuis helpe and mery.  
I am so wery me thinke I dye  
the boze was feble and faint also.  
And from beuis gan he go  
than sayde beuis & would not Jesu  
That I wolde lese my vertue  
betide said beuis what may betide  
the one of vs shall deth abyde  
Beuis mette the boze in the playne  
the boze sawe that & turned agayne  
As he came gaping all to wonder  
the ouergroine he smote in sunder  
In at the mouth he bare the boze  
and cloue his herte a sonder thore.  
And with his sword all in haste  
The bozes head he of caste  
And on a tronchon of a spere  
the head he stiked for to beare  
that sawe the fosters of that forest  
Howe beuis had slaine & soule best  
they said we haue great daine

That he hath this boze layde  
Go we to him we shall him do  
and take the bozes head him fro  
than shall we haue all the honour  
Right as we were conquerours  
as beuis shoulde fro the forest ryde  
They him beset on every syde  
the .xii. fosters were armed eche one  
and beuis was naked and all alone  
Whan beuis shoulde hand on his sworde laye  
the scabert he founde the sworde was away  
For he had left his sworde thore  
Where he slewe the wilde boze  
Than had he noughe him were  
But the tronchon of a spere  
the fosters smote he downe  
With a stroke of his tronchone  
Nyne he slewe at dintes thre  
and other thre away gan flee  
Beuis went with the head awaye  
all saue Josian where he laye  
Suche loue on him the caste  
that neuer did faile but euer did last  
the head of the wilde swine  
Beuis presented king Ermine  
than at the firste cose beuis pryse  
that was both courteyse and wyse

**S** One after not long during  
Came a messenger to Ermine king  
For kynge bradmaunde of Damas  
that swoze by Mahomede and Goltas  
But of kynge Ermine blisc  
Sende Josian to be his wyse

He would him nofe  
and all his land robbe and destrope  
and sayde in the fyrst day of maye  
He shoulde come and holde his daye  
and sende away his daughter then  
and his landes destrope and brenne.  
King Ermine was wode wroth  
and sent after erles & barons bothe  
and tolde them without faile  
that king brandmoud had the batle  
A worde spake Josian the bryght  
by mahoud sir were beuis a knyght  
He would you socoure well ynough  
My selfe saue where he sloughe.  
Pyne fosters at dentes thre  
And other thre awaye gan fle.  
ye had he nought to were  
But the tronchone of a spere.  
Therfore sayde the kinge shall we not lee  
But let beuis to us be fet  
and dubbedd sir beuis to a knyght  
and made him harnes for to fight  
full well the gan for him puruaye  
with a great hoost agayne that day  
beuis said y king helpe at this nede  
for all my men thou shalt lede  
arme thee right and take the shelde  
for king brandmoud abideth in the shelde  
Beuis did on he anctone  
That worthied many a towne.  
An hauberk Josian him brought  
A better hauberk was never brought



Helmet the gaue him good & faire  
There might no thing it appayze  
than gaue him that fayre maye  
A good swerde that hight morglay  
there was no better vnder the sonn  
Hani a lande therwith was wonn  
Jostan gaue him suche a stede  
the best that ever on grounde yede  
full well can I his name tell  
Men called him arundell  
No horse in the world was so ströng  
that might him sue a foxlonge  
Beuis in the sable light  
Jostan smiled that was so bright  
Beuis gan his horne to blowe  
for his host should him knowe  
Beuis had with him I vnderstand  
Of bolde barons twenty thousande  
and yet king brandmunde there fo  
Had twise as many mo  
Whan beuis came in to the felde  
Brandmunde stode and behelde  
A loude laughter laughed he tho  
Whan he sawe there were no mo  
Eyther gan other aserpe  
they shot arrowes on eyther partie  
With bowes and albasters of byce  
they slewe faste on eyther parties  
And whan they were thus in fighting  
There was ceneff and no gamyng  
king brandmunde baner bare Radisson  
he was stronge as any lyon  
beuis

Beuis had of him great enuy  
Eythir other began desy  
thei smote their stedes w<sup>th</sup> spurres of golde  
Arundell ranne right as they wolde  
Bothe the parties stode and behelde  
How either hit other in mides of their sheld  
Radison spere all to brast  
Beuis spere helde and smote fast  
That throughe helde and acton  
He bare kinge Radison  
The spere braste and he fell downe  
In his brest he felte þe tronchoune  
Than kinge brandmunde was abashed  
for in Radison all he trusted  
They wente for he was in suche maine  
That no man might stande him agayne  
About syz beuis they came redply  
To venge his death on the other partte  
and beuis had game and thought full good  
To bathe Morglaye in their bloude  
Men might se in that stounde  
an hundreth sarasins brought to grounde  
A lytell ferther he rode tho  
And slewe there as many mo  
The sarasins that with beuis were  
Helped him fast with their power  
Men might se ouer all  
heades trindle lyke a ball  
Many sarasyns myght men mete  
With guttes trayling aboute thire fete  
Some all hedles gan flee  
and some all manacles a boue knee

and

And they: hebes of sente  
and some noseles away wente  
that they laye grianynge as a hounde  
A thousande stedes men might se themne  
With dead sarasyng away renne  
And all they seke and hole  
they had ben at beuis dole  
Brandmonde se his men missare  
two of beuis knyghts he take thare  
and lede them forth with them slede  
Beuis saw that they were bestedde  
and said abyde thou olde wretche  
arte thou come Hostian to fetch  
take me thi prysouer Wout distaunce  
For I shall make delyuerance  
Suche a stroke he gaue brandmound  
that man and horse fell to grounde  
Merci said brandmound thine oze  
Let me lyue and smite me no more  
the cite with castels and toures  
I wat the geue with great honours  
Asai said beuis I will none of thine  
But become þ kinges man Ermine  
and do homage and seate  
For other wages there wal none be  
Wel sayd brandmounde leuer me had do so  
than here to dye with paine and wo  
beuis charged him in his laye  
that he shoulde neuer by night us by daye  
wayte kinge Ermine with no reason  
But ever be at his sumon  
and



And hold him of thy lands as these  
Be thou lothe or be thou lefe  
Beuis was Ermines attornaye  
To receiue homage that day  
Whan beuis had done he let him go  
Alas whine wolde he him so  
For soone after as ye may here  
He serued him in worse manere  
The knightes þe he toke frome bradmounde  
Beuis lede forth with him that stounde  
For great loue beuis wolde not blyne  
But both he ledde to his ynne  
and gaue them meat and drinke of the best  
And to his bede layd them to rest  
and whan syz beuis had done so  
To court to the king gan he go  
and said sir king make good bisage  
For king bradmud hath made thee homage  
and take thee for chese lorde in feld & towne  
And rady at your somowone  
the king Ermine was glad and blithe  
And blessed beuis often lithe  
And said daughter Iosian  
Sone vnarme this man  
Lede him to a chambze, mahound him saue  
for there he maye rest haue  
and serue him of meat and drinke  
Of the best he may thinke  
Than was Iosian glad  
and to her chamber she him ledde  
And set beuis soft & vpon a bedde  
bordres were laide & clothes spredde  
to han

When he had pynned beuis  
at the borde they set them pyns  
and made them well at ease and ffe  
with riche meat and noble wyne  
When they had well eaten  
and on a hedde together litten  
Josian that was sorewe  
thought she wolde her loue renewe  
She sayd beuis thyne or  
Ethan I can tell I loue thee more  
Certes beuis but þ the truth mercede  
for pure loue I shall be dead  
Ethan sayd beuis be still  
me thinke thou spekest agaynst schyll  
thou mayst haue on all vnlpyche  
king brandmound that is forpyche  
In all the worlde is no man  
kyng duke re lordan  
but they tolde the toquene  
and yt they had thee onesene  
I am a knight of strange land  
I haue no more then I can stande  
mercy beuies said Josian  
I had thee leuer to my lemman  
thy body in thy shirt all naked  
then all the good þ whahound maketh  
beuis she sayd all me thy thought  
beuis sat still and sayd nought  
She fell downe and wept sore  
She sayde thou saydest here before  
there is no kinge that me hath sene  
but that he would haue me to quene

and thou thinkest of me great spete  
wende thou out of my chamber tye  
More comly it were the lyke  
For to hedge and make dyke  
Than now to be dubbed a knight  
and amonge maydens bright  
Go churle and evyll to fare  
Wha hounde gyve the sorowe and care  
Damoysell he sayd I am no churle  
My father was both knight and erle  
To my countrie I wyl me bre  
Neuer after thou shalt me se  
thou gatte me a horse take him here  
I kepe not to be in daunger  
bevis wente forth he woldenot bline  
till he came to his eyne  
Soe agreued as he were blamed  
For Josian had him so ashamed  
these to knyghtes that bevis loued  
Asked him who had him greued  
Bevis sayd neyther good ne ill  
but set him downe and helde him still  
When bevis went Josian fro  
than began all the wo  
than she called the chamberlayne bonysace  
and had him helpe in that case  
To bevis on messag she him sende  
and sayd that she woulde amende  
all that she had sayd loude or still  
and pray him come me till  
Bonysace his way is gone  
to bevis chamber is he come



that she woulde all thynges amende  
and al that she hath sayde loude or still  
with that ye wyl come her tyll  
Beuis sayde why should I do so  
she had me wende her chamber fro  
a robe gave beuis to the messenger  
with other wedes saye and clere  
well furred of great valour  
haue this he sayd for thy labour  
and grete well thy lady from me  
and say I wyl her netter se  
Boniface thanked him tho  
and went againe where he came fro  
he sayd my lady make good there  
for beuis wyl netter more come here  
Certes my lady ye byd vnight  
for to misse a noble knight  
for it was neuer churles dede  
to geue a messenger such a wede  
yf beuis wyl not come to me  
I wyl not blame whyle I hym se  
Besall therof well or wo  
to beuis chamber wyl I go  
Iosyan wolde no lenger blyne  
tyll she came to beuis ynne  
whan beuis herde heere withoute  
as he shoulde slepe he began to ronte  
Beuis she sayde a whyle awake  
I am come my peas to make  
Damosell sayde beuis tha  
Let me lye and go me fro

E.ii.

I am

Wherby she sayde my lemmman swete  
She fell downe and began to wepe  
Forgyue me that I haue mistaie  
I wyll that ye be well apayde  
My falle gods I wyll forsake  
and chrystendome for the to take  
On that couenant sayd beuis than  
I wyll the loue fayne Iofan  
He kissed her to accordement  
and therfore was beuis shente  
the two knyghtes man there. p. Round  
That beuis toke from Bradmound  
they herde all theyr couenaut  
they wente to the kyng in an island  
and sayd beuis this fike daye  
Hath made Iofan to forsake her lay  
Certes he wyll tye her by  
But if ye seke some remedy  
and but if he be brought of by awaye  
Certes he wyll destroy your lay  
yt is sothe by all hallowes  
Delyuer a these fro the gallows  
He shall the wate to robbe or sla  
So it fared by the knyghtes two  
Beuis deliuered them from peryll  
and they quytte him full yll  
Alas sayd Ermine kyng  
fore me rueth that tydinge  
Synthen that beuis came me till  
Whiche he hath done at my wyll

fe any do betwix bulany  
But I woulde auenged be  
so that I might it not le  
Syr sayde a saraspe  
we shall do write in perchemyne  
A letter to kinge brandmunde  
and bid him bringe him to grounthe  
As he is trew knight to you sworne  
and by beuis shall the letter be borne  
and bi mahound I dare saye  
that beuis shall neuer go quit awaye  
whan this was brought to the ende  
the kinge gan after beuis sende  
and sayd thou shalt wende as right  
and be true messenger as thou art knight  
and bere kinge brandmunde this letter  
and euermore thou shalt be the better  
another els shoulde bere it  
yt shall turne the to great profite  
I have I atundell and morlay  
I wyll undertake the waye  
Be brandmunde neuer so wroth he wolde  
I shall make my passe good  
wherfore sayde crumpe thankest thou so  
thou shalt but on message go  
Take an easy hackney  
that may bare the safely away  
yt falleth no messenger for to lede  
so vncomly suche a stede  
But beuis thou shalt me sweare  
that thou shalt truly my letter bere

E.iii.

and



Under not the pzent of my breste  
Hap sayd beuis on christen rode  
He toke hys letter and forth yode  
Upon an amblyng hackeye  
Leuing at whome arundel & morglay  
Jesu him comfort and rede  
Upon him he bereth his owne deed

**L**et us now of beuis here  
Land speke we of his game Sabere  
After that beuis was fro him solde  
His harte for him wared colde  
He cald to him his sonne terry  
and had him wende to espye  
to sarasyns lande bothe ferre ad nere  
yf he myght ought of beuis here  
Palmers wode thou halt were  
So maist thou better after him spere  
He gave him treasure for to spende  
Whan that is done god may more send  
forth than gan chyld terry late  
to sarasyns lande tyll he came thare  
In many a lande he hath fought  
But of beuis he herde nought  
tyll it befell vpon a daye  
As afterwarde I shall you saye

**T**How bettis wente on meſſage to king brad  
 mund & how he fought in the cite of Damas  
 againſt the Saracyns that made ſacrifice to  
 ydolles, and how he tare them downe and caſt  
 them into the dyrt & after ward was taken  
 and put in priſon.



**T**urne agayne there we were afore  
 Of bettis of hampton to ſpeke more  
 bettis rode forth and paſſed faſt  
 toward the cite of Damaffe  
 He rode dayes and nightes both  
 And reſted not without orthe  
 He rode as faſt as he might ryde

**¶**

Two of thre moowes type  
than left hym bothe eate and drynke  
as a wery man both after swynke  
to slepe he had luste as yromainstels  
that might he gete and nothynge elles  
heuris laye downe to slepe a stownde  
and let his horse bayte on the ground  
Whan he woke out of his slepe  
No lenger he hode but by dyd lepe  
to a forrest fayre and brode  
Ht sawe a palmer set him nere  
with bread and wyne at his dinner  
baken curlewes had he thre  
though he were poore one to se  
the palmer sawe heuris was a knyght  
and baeled his bonet as it was right  
The palmer sayd saye loue myne  
Is it your will to come and dyne  
For my wyll is to geuen to thee  
therfore forgette it me  
thou shalt wissh me full enen  
To a man that I can neuen  
beuris sayd agayne full fayne  
Hunger hath done me muche payne  
beuris eat and drank good plente  
whyle he wold lyte and therat he  
Than to spale beuris began  
Palmer he said art thou a chrissean  
where were thou borne nowe tell me  
and what thou doest in this countre  
than sayd y palmer ye shal vnderstand



That I was borne in England  
at Such Hampton vpon the sea  
And am come in to this countre  
To seke after a childe I plight  
Forsoth beuis he hight  
I chal him seke tyll I him finde  
though I him seke to þ world's end  
To bringe him into englande  
to helpe mi father wth his hande  
Againste his stepfather for to fighte  
to winne his heritage & his righte  
what hight they father Palmer  
Syz men call him Sabere  
He hath ben euer in strife  
Sith syz guy of hamptons lyfe  
I left him in an yle good  
that is closed wth the salte floude  
and euery yere a day certaine  
He fighteth wth sir Gurdure of allmayne  
For to winne his heritage  
He dothe for him great viage  
tell me strif thou can  
Will he me right to that man  
then said beuis wth milde chere  
Beuis haue I knowen this .x. yere  
It is not thre dayes at all  
Sethen we were both in one hall  
there is no man by goddes ore  
In chzistendome that I loue more  
We were felowes for the  
He tolde me his father hight sir guy  
Syz sayde the Palmer that is he  
I. x.

Ray sayd beuis it may not so  
for on message must I go  
and wende thou to England agayne  
Helpe thy father w<sup>th</sup> might & maine  
for whan I haue my message done  
I shall speke with beuis full sone  
and tell him as I vnderstande  
and make him to hye to englande  
By chaunce beuys is my frende  
I shall with him to england wende  
Syz sayd the palmer in his lagage  
To whome do ye ride on message  
to king bradmund said beuis I wed  
He is mi fo and not my frende  
Said the palmer if thy wyll be  
Wylt thou let me thy letter se  
Ray sayd beuis so mote I go  
So thought I not my selfe to do  
Shall it neuer vndo be  
Till king bradmound hath it se  
they toke theyr leaue & forth gan go  
Eythir kissed other of them two  
the palmer went to england warde  
And beuis rode forth warde  
Towarde the citie of Damace  
that was a full fayre place  
there was king bradmunds palaice  
Was neuer none richer & stozz sayz  
for the windowes and walles  
was painted with gold both fours & hailes  
pyllers and doores were al brasse  
Windowes of latyn were set with glasse

It was rich to see  
that it was lyke to paradise  
about the place there was a dyke  
For bredth & depeneſſe was no like  
ouer the dyke a brydge there lay  
that man & beest might paſſe away  
vnder the brydge were ſixty belles  
Right as the romains telles  
that there might no man paſſe in  
But all they range with a gen  
at þe brydge ende there was a toboze  
painted with golde and aſobre  
ſuche it was to beholde  
theron ſtoode an eagle of golde  
His eyes were of pꝛecious ſtones  
Of greate beſty for the nones  
the ſtones were ſo riche and bryght  
that all the place ſhone lichte  
Whan beuis was nere hande & cꝛyſ  
Of that place mādꝛailled he  
For ſithen beuis home was  
ſawe he neuer ſuche a place  
Whan beuis came the titie within  
Great myſte and hopes he ſawe begynne  
as ſarafins ſhould make theyꝝ ſacrifice  
To theyꝝ maumers in this wiſe  
and beuis came nere for to ſe  
and ſayd what deuyll of hell do ye  
Why make ye mabound this pꝛeſente  
and deſpiſe god omnipotence  
I ſhall were ſo more I go  
what mabounde can ſayt by do  
J.ii.

Beuis



And toke him right bi the crowne  
And cast him amidde the myze  
and bade them take bp ther spze  
the sarasyns that by beuis stode  
for yre & tene they were nere wode  
they swoze all he shoulde abyge  
for he despised their mawmetrye  
there was no moze with thē to say  
But all at ones on him they laye  
Beues saw that and his swerde out drew  
and all that wolde abyge he flew  
than rose the crye in the cite  
and sarasyns gathered great plētie  
thei gathered abought sir beuis tho  
for he despised mabounde so  
Beuis saw that and toke a floure  
At eche stroke he felled foure  
With the sarasyns he fought so fast  
that two hundzeth to ground he cast  
Wherin alitell while men might mete  
Sarasyns hedis tomblinge in the strete  
To the Walays they ranne fleynge  
for to haue socoure of the kinge  
and sayd spz we are noyed  
for the cytie is nere destroyed  
through a knight y hither is come  
Our godds he hath fro vs nome  
and trodene them vnder his fete  
and in the myze amyd the strete  
and all thy men he hath slaine  
that euer fought him agayne

His kinge but we haue counseyll  
He wyll destroye all the eptie  
Kynge brandmunde sayd he his hode  
He is a deuill or he is wode  
What is he I will go se  
arme you right and come with me  
Forth they went all the rough  
Of the palais withouten doughte  
Right on the bridge the Romane sayes  
they met him gaynge into the palays  
Whan beuis sawe the kinge with croone  
On his knees he kneled downe  
and gaue him bp the dede with his hande  
and sayd Jesu that is I vnderstande  
that shape all the worlde that was so round  
Nowe glue the sorowe kynge Brandmunde  
But Mahounde and appolpne  
and termagaunte whiche be goddes thine  
they gye the nowe there blissinge  
that is shorte lyfe and ewyll endinge  
well the great kinge ermyne  
and sendeth the this letter of parcermyne  
And bideth thee his biddinge do  
as thou art swozne him vnto  
the kinge of beuis receiued the dede  
and gaue it to a clarke to rede  
the letter bad he shoulde him flo  
that he shoulde not passe him fro  
for certes if he passe awaye  
He wyll destroye all your laye  
whan kinge brandmunde herd al this  
He made therfore much lope & blisse  
J. fli.

He said beuis welcome to court with than  
we shall teache thee a newe game  
Thou arte he that made me thzall  
He and my men all  
thou slawe and brought mi men to ground  
the wnty thousande within a litell rounde  
And hast in despite slayne Mahounde  
and slayne my men in this rounde  
But blessed may Mahounde be  
that thee sendeth hether to me  
For nowe I wyl be wroken sone  
Of all the sorowe that thou hast me done  
But wyte me not beuis verament  
But blame him that thee hether sent  
Some sayde he shold be slayne  
and some sayde he shoulde be quicke slayne  
Some sayde drawe him throughe the cyte  
and some sayde hange him on a tre  
and euer stode beuis and them harde  
of all the treason howe it farde  
Syr kinge he sayde it is no rede  
To iudge me a dogges dede  
A knight I am as well as you  
therfore take your counsaile now  
And graunt me armure and stede  
shelde and spere good at hede  
Shure helme and stalwoorth welde  
And bringe me safe into the felde  
And arme your men lesse and more  
Syrty thousande yf they woore  
And let me dye in batayle ryght  
As the maner is of a noble knyght

than



Than the sarasyns cryed all  
and to the king gan call  
and said he shal thy men do none sold  
yf thou graunte him batayle holde  
Graunt him prison throught surreed  
and let him be there tyll he be deed  
for in your prison be dragons two  
and other wormes many mo  
and were he in your prison brought  
Unto none he lyueth nought  
Byng him thither the all said then  
and not in fild amonge your men  
Than spake king bradmunde  
anone bynge him to the grounde  
for he shal die wothanuche sorowe  
all christendom shal not him boryow  
About beuis gan they dyue  
As bees do aboute an hyue  
Whan beuys sawe none other rest  
than he began to do his beste  
With his sworde he stode at defence  
agaynst them all in their presence  
Sir beuis fought yf it was wonder  
tyll his sworde brast in sonder  
Alas sayde beuis and well awaye  
Now I wante good word glaye  
But neuer the lesse syz beuis  
Brought to ground woth his fiftes  
sixty sarasyns to grounde he caste  
after that his swerde dyd brast  
But euer they gathered mo and mo  
and toke beuis woth muche wo

And bounde to gether his handes so faste  
that all his fingers on blode out brast  
they leyd him sithe into the hall  
and set him in downe in a knyghtes stall  
a knyght him fedde with meate and drinke  
what so euer he wolde after thinke  
the kinge had beuis eate faste  
For this he saide shalbe the laste  
an hundreth sarasins stode without mo  
About beuis with swordes tho  
In chaunce if his handes out braste  
than he shold make them agaste  
whan beuis hade eaten and made him glad  
Into the prison they made him be ladde  
whan he was at grounde  
Beuis handes they unbounde  
For they were sure and faste  
that he sholde not make them agast  
In prison whan he came downe  
there he founde a short trounchone  
In his handes he it toke  
and saued his life so saith the boke  
A water through the prison rane  
and bare the filthe fro the man  
He had not bene there but a while  
For the mountenaunce of a myle  
what two dragons of muche might  
A gainst sit beuis came to fight  
Fast fought both he and they  
all the night and all the daye  
the two dragons neuer blan-  
tel they had made beuis a wett ma

but

But by the other way of his  
 These two dragons were forborne  
 His state was broken all away  
 His eye left in his hand eye  
 When these two dragons were here  
 Than could he be so better here  
 But thanked Jesus that all shall be  
 Of all the care that he was in  
 Seven winter he was there  
 Meats he had never more  
 But ones a day withouten more  
 Of wheat bran he had a melle  
 For to lenger with all his life  
 In poverty and muche stryfe  
 By the way of the stryfe  
 But of water he had great more  
 Mates and more and such small dees  
 Was his meate that leuen yere  
 Thus is he in the pylon grounde  
 Gobbing him out hole and sounde



**C**hloe Tell me now what her father for be  
 And of her for now that she made  
**S**he is of the name that may  
 Now tell me what she can say  
 By the way of the stryfe  
 Full of the name of the stryfe  
 Does she know the name of the stryfe  
 He is gone now and she is a maid  
 And yet she is a maid  
 He had a wife of the name of the stryfe  
 A young daughter married to the stryfe



**O**f Dambraunt kynges [unclear] [unclear]  
 A cyche kyng of [unclear] [unclear]  
 As come [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]  
 [unclear] [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

And of her father he besought  
That graunted her to his wyght  
and his land after his wyght  
whan Iolia herd she should be wedde  
Agains her wyll it was a wene  
She had leue her countesse  
to haue her by her countesse  
Neuertheless she is so  
agains her father she would not go  
Ever she sayd she would  
hynde knight of such a name  
Haddest thou not her to wedde  
But some treason had I made  
I shall neuer so love  
as thou art to me  
I shall now go  
through a clark  
There no man shall  
while the letter  
agains my  
Nor do me wrong  
She did pletter  
On the manner  
and put it abought  
In no maner  
whan it was  
that kyng Iolia  
He sente after  
For the soudan  
and after the soudan  
It is no tyme  
and prayd then  
whan he should  
wedde that lady  
fre g.ii.

When this feeste shoulde begynne  
Every knyght wente to his punte  
When the feaste was all done  
Kynge Ioure woulde home come  
With Iolian that lady brought  
that ever was true both harte & myght  
Iolian was brought captyue there  
with muche thought and muche care  
Kynge Ermyne toke armyndell  
and sadled him gently and well  
and toke with him good moriayne  
And to kynge Ioure he shuld saye  
Have here I gyfte you this hound  
Stalworth and good at hounde  
have here moriayne of venysoun  
both they were hounds of charyte  
Kynge Ioure took the hounde  
And pryked forth before his men  
they were not fully at hand  
but the kynge sayde by farre hand  
That he woulde fynde the hounde  
On armyndell before his hounde  
On armyndell he was brought  
armyndell had in his hand  
that it was not for hounde  
That on his backe he had  
than did beleve on his hand  
Over byre and over stone  
woulde he ne be hounde  
till he had caste hounde  
So fere to grounde he had  
that his hounde was



And had not some come to see  
He had slayne him. For  
they took the horse with muche flight  
and ledde him to the palace  
with great ropes they him bounde  
there was no mete before him found  
Neither otes nor water clere  
there he stode that seven yere  
but that Jolian him brought  
and that with the kinge righte  
for his men coldenot him redde  
with bliger he thrust poine him to dede

**J**olian is no more quene  
beutis in prison so muche bene  
Stronge wonder were there before  
he cursed the tyme that he was borne  
yet here hangen longe and tyde  
full sympeill that was his payde  
on a daye as beutis would be  
there cam an adame woman him crye  
and stinge him sore with a ten lyke  
Upon his browe above his eye  
and beries waked and louds gan crye  
and sayd Jesu my lord merce  
This adur bath better me fore  
out of my lyfe I would I were  
helpe me lord and is he thy wyll  
and let me never in prison dwell  
with shan angell come is  
and appered unto beutis  
of god his awfull beame by his sight  
be whom the moxe to be cryed

And before him all to blame  
Beuissaboe that him laughed false  
Syr beuiss was full feble and saynte  
to Iesus christ he made his trespase  
And vnto his mother Marye  
and ruselly began to crye  
Lorde he sayde of heauen kyng  
as thou shape me and all thyng  
what haue I done to thee  
that me thou shouldest helpe  
the carasyng do to me in this  
On me haue mercy they be my fo  
How gyue me grace heauen to  
and out of pyson thou shalt  
the. if I was in heuyn I shoulde  
Howe feble I was and howe I was  
the one sayd herellifon this I sawe  
Howe despiseth our manhood  
He weneth that his godmathe is  
and soothly he is godmathe  
But he may not see his godmathe  
I shall neuer ceasse to praye  
Today I praye for thee  
he let downe a lappete a corde  
and said come downe to me  
for to helpe whatsoeuer thou wilt  
than a swerde he took it  
and by the rope he hange  
and smote beuiss that he felle  
that he fell to the ground  
Lorde saye to me what thou wilt  
nowe is my beuiss full of grace

And I my sword good maner  
and arundell my good poltron  
for all Damas with their reason  
would I not give one button  
and nowe the most wretch of all  
at one stroke maketh me to fall  
now were I worthy to be hanged on a hobe  
But I were hanged of that stroke  
Beutis with his felle smote so felle  
that his necke all to broke  
the other cryed that was abone  
And sayd felow for my lorde  
hast thou of me any neede  
It is beste I come thee to rede  
ye sayde beutis all for gyle  
Come hether to me a lytle while  
For I must neded have thy cote  
O that beutis be all dea  
that other warden no longer abode  
But downe by the rope he fode  
and sawe beutis hols and fownde  
and sawe his felow dead on the grounde  
he woulde have fledde by a gappe  
naye sayde beutis thou must abyde  
Beutis with his felle smote  
smote a sonder through his hode  
the rope above the lande  
that into prison to his felle  
Then was beutis alle alone  
his to warder he had paye  
thre dayes he laye and  
hym thought that he was  
dead

smot

yes



yet was he not in the day  
noble that he in prison laye  
of wheat branne to have a melle  
there with his hanger to redresse  
But whan his wardens were fordon  
Breade ne branne eate he none  
that patience though he full streng  
him thought him lyved all to longe  
Jesu crist sy be his saye  
helpe me nowe alytell brayde  
The rope may I not reche  
But yf thou me wilt he or teche  
to bygh he smote the rope a funder  
yf he it reche it were great wonder  
but not for thy for gods myght  
heutis shpped he was full myght  
and gat the rope in his hande  
and came by I under stande  
whan he came by he sawe no lyght  
for it was aboute in the myght  
but well he herde in the stable  
Gromes fonging and he table  
To the stable doore he went  
and smote it by a stroke  
A doore bare he to hein hande  
and slewe all that he founde  
a good stede forth he brought  
and saddled him well prynced  
t euil reede to the gate he went  
and called the porter with a loud  
Myse porter anon he opened the gate  
heutis of hanger and he

Done after the gale, the porter was  
and with that beutis is out loken  
the porter his way he toke  
To the prison for to loken  
He found the wardens darne phyl  
and beutis away escaped is  
The porter saw by an inmate  
that was beutis that let out  
the porter went to the kynge and laide  
How that beutis had him betrayed  
and slayne his wardens both in here  
The king made loken and beutis there  
there was litle synge in that place  
that made him beutis the story sayd  
to them by aduise made his mone  
They armed them ever the one  
A knight there was named and loken  
When called him for wardens  
an horse he had of great price  
that men called trunche  
He was by the hand of the  
So he wolde beutis upon the molen  
By wardens was the hand of the  
On trunche he was  
and sprang after trunche  
well he thought to be the price  
When he was not beutis  
He saw beutis by the  
He sayd turne the doges and the  
thy god shall the doges beutis  
through the doges beutis  
yt thou be beutis of loken beutis

q. i.

q. i.

When sayde he to him selfe  
yt is no maine myghte  
for if that I slayne be  
it is through hunger and cold  
But neuertheless he wylle answere  
How thou wylt my duty paye  
Beuis turned him well and sayde  
and rode togerther with great hysse  
Suche a stroke him gaue yf he  
that through helme and harness  
Hert and body he hitte  
there he layde dead  
Myght so the thorn be he  
and cloude him downe as a thorne  
Beuis trunche the horse be he  
and left his othe and toke  
Byng Bradwardine with him  
Cam rydyng after with great hysse  
and fall folowith he  
that beuis was dyen to the see  
Beuis sayde to him selfe  
For hunderd felowes  
yt is me lede to the water  
and let god worke what he wylle  
When to be slayne he wylle  
Helpe me to be to name  
Beuis smate his horse  
Into the se forty fote he leppe  
the sarasins sawe him  
Howe the horse with beuis  
through the glasse of god  
The horse bare ouer that noble knyght



8  
 when he was the last of his life  
 the horse him called a horse of  
 and for fellows in that bounde  
 by his fellow the grounde  
 Lorde sayd beutis howe  
 and I were by his side  
 I would ingene  
 for a sheuer of broome

**F**orth with this with great care  
 a lady after the  
 Dame sayd beutis  
 for his loue that dyed  
 One man  
 from my gate  
 an other place  
 for here  
 for my  
 and beletith  
 yf he know  
 we will the  
 for gold  
 we be let  
 here with  
 to dye  
 the lady  
 and went  
 and tolde  
 how a man  
 that he wolde

h.ii.

In the morning the knight went to the window  
ye sayd the knight was in the window  
A doze barre he took in his hand  
and out to syz he went he was in the window  
and thus he was in the window  
what art thou, the knight was in the window  
where he was in the window  
that thou syz he was in the window  
He was my brothers syz graundere.  
God knoweth the knight was in the window  
I thore syz graundere a stomper  
whan we mette laste the knight was in the window  
I made him deken withouten fayle  
and yf thou wylte oþer to be in the window  
A preest sayd he was in the window  
Alas sayd the knight for syz graundere  
His dech shall the knight was in the window  
to syz he was in the window  
But of deken he was in the window  
and hit trunche he was in the window  
that he was in the window  
Beuis starte up withouten caryte  
and to the knight was in the window  
Suche a deken he was in the window  
The knight was in the window  
he was in the window  
through he was in the window  
he was in the window  
for he was in the window  
he was in the window

with his right hand he held the chalice  
and with his left he held the host  
that he held in his hand for the body of Christ  
Blessed and holy be thou that dost  
with the blood of his precious  
flowe saye benyng more and more  
I trowe I have mynente well done  
Benedicte be thou withouten more  
Gyue me more I hunger for  
and thus shall I never be more I the  
of food and drink in this life  
the ladye but not benyng with hands  
she held benyng by the hands  
and served him of bread and wine  
and after that she receyved the chalice  
of every myste I understande  
that came to her benyng hands  
she made her catfyll for the  
she shoulde done before  
and drinke the syde of the chalice  
Lest she should be out of breath  
when she had catfyll enough  
a white kerche she brought  
and stopped therewith her nose  
to stanche the blood in the wound  
Benyng intyre the noble erbe  
and laded for him a goodly steed  
there wolde he not have any more  
he toke his waye and forth he went  
than saye benyng forth he went  
Till he came forth a horse  
into a fayre green place  
h. iii. Lore



Lorde saye that he was the son of a noble man  
and now he is a noble man himself  
were here with me as all the other  
On this ground he was the son of a noble man  
whether that I was the son of a noble man  
forth he was the son of a noble man  
I will be the son of a noble man  
And to the other he was the son of a noble man  
and of his son he was the son of a noble man  
of Josiah he was the son of a noble man  
that he was the son of a noble man  
the father of the son of a noble man  
except for him and the other son of a noble man  
he kept the son of a noble man  
till he was the son of a noble man  
and for the son of a noble man  
that never he was the son of a noble man  
But if the son of a noble man  
Ray said he was the son of a noble man  
when it came to the son of a noble man  
he was the son of a noble man  
Ely on the son of a noble man  
Benig rode for the son of a noble man  
as he rode for the son of a noble man  
he thought the son of a noble man  
whether shall I be the son of a noble man  
Ray what was the son of a noble man  
but I might be the son of a noble man  
for to be the son of a noble man  
I will be the son of a noble man  
to knowe the cause of the son of a noble man  
that the king did the son of a noble man

for my goodnes dyd he not  
as benis rode forth right  
he ouere toke his waye  
What wolde he haue done  
and benis was his compaignie  
as the rode at first  
eyther behelde othe  
and eyther other  
for som tyme they were  
together they hild  
he asked benis  
God knowe  
I haue had sorowe ynough  
and suffered both hunger and colde  
And other paynes many folow  
throught the tresser  
yet shall I quite him  
were not his daughter  
this daye I wolde be his  
I osyan he sayd is a wyfe  
Agaynst her wyll  
Heuen yere is  
By then kyng  
I osian in man  
bothe to be  
he hath the  
And acundell the  
where is man  
By he sayd it  
to the man  
but turne ye  
Euer he rode forth



the yll he came to the same place  
the yll he came to the same place

**W**hen the knyght was come to the  
fayre and lowly chawch  
where he saw the lady  
Came within the cyche stone  
with a palmer there he met  
full fayre cyther other gay  
Palmer he sayd where is the kinge  
Sir he sayd forth on his waye  
with many knyghtes stout and hard  
Palmer he sayd where is the queene  
Sir he sayd in her towre  
Palmer he sayd par amour  
Wylt thou geue me thy webe  
for my clothyng and my shewe  
would god save the palmer  
that ye had made that chawch  
Bevis gave him his tunic  
for the palmers claime  
Bevis went to the castle gate  
Many palmers he founde there  
Bevis sayd brethren here  
for what thinge abide ye here  
they answered him that there was  
no stand here for to have any good  
Bevis sayd wo shall we goe  
the queene the ladye we becomen  
for all that the bath sounde here  
Every daye this seven yere  
Good chere the doctours make  
Once a daye for goodes sake

the



This almes geueth he by myracles  
For beuis love of south hamptone  
than sayd beuis for Chyrtles love  
Tell me now ye palmer poore  
Whan this almes shall be done  
Syz they sayd at after noone  
Beuis sayd it is but erly day  
He went from them anone awaye  
He thought he wolde go spy and so  
How that it might best be  
as he came vnder a turrete  
that vnder the castell was sette  
He herd Iolian wepe and crye  
thither he went for to spye  
alas he sayd for the good beuis  
the gentyl knight of south hāpts is  
alas shall I neuer se that day  
that ones with him speake I may  
But Iesu Christ I take me tyll  
Helpe me and it be thy wyll  
this seuen yere every daye  
Iolian that saye maye  
Was wonte suche sorowe to make  
For sir beues of hamtons sake  
Soone he sterte to the gate thore  
For to pryng in the palmers poore  
Beuis bled him fast to the gate  
Lest he shoulde haue come to late  
The palmers pced in faste  
Beuis abode and was the laste  
to the hall he led them euerychone  
But vnto beuis said Iolian anone  
thou  
I. i.

Thou smitest most best to me  
For I desyre to talke with the  
Begyn thou the boorde palmer  
and merily go thou into the pinner  
whan the palmeris were all sette  
Deate and drinke the dith them like  
than gan the to beuis saye  
tell me nowe Palmer by thy saye  
Hast thou harde any man tell  
In any lande where it befall  
Epyther in felde oz in towne  
Of syz beuis of south hamptowne  
I wall make him riche wout lesig  
that of him can tell any thyng  
ye dame said beuis and longe  
Sir beuis I knowe well enough  
At home in his countre  
I am an Erle and so is he  
For he louith me ouer all  
For epyther was other promygall  
At home he gan me muche tell  
Of an hourse that hight Arundell  
I haue asked in many a lande  
For that hourse I bnderstande  
and sought him both fare and nere  
And euery man sayth that he is here  
As ye loue that same knyght  
Let me of that hourse haue a syghe  
the quene without ony fable  
Ledde beuis into the stable  
the quene gan beuis to beholde  
and to Boniface the saye and tolde

I froto

This is beuis of south hamtstone  
But beuis brude was neuer bozne  
With he was of his mother bozne  
Whan beuis into the stable came  
Anon into arundell he rane  
and sayd arundell god thee saue  
without þe towe I would the haue  
with the I cam neuer to mabzand  
But with me I shouldest to Englad  
Arundell in funder brast chaires bit  
Whan he herde say beuis steuen  
and forth he came out of that place  
And neyed and made great race  
Alas sayd Josyan the  
For arundell I am full wo  
For he wyl be many a manes bone  
O that he agayn becom  
Nay sayde beuis and lough  
I can take him well inoughe  
yf that ye wylt geue me leue  
I shal him take without any grent  
to take the horse for him grayed  
and lede him by the lady sayde  
That there be no more distaunce  
With that I shal thee auance  
I graunt sayd beuis by godes dothe  
Whan arundell sawe his master com  
He would neither sterte ne lepe  
tyll beuis on his backe did kepe  
Beuis on arundells backe he threbe  
and ther by Josia awoke him knowe



Byde not fro me in no maner  
thou promysed me to wyfe to take  
whan I my false goddes did forsake  
Helpe beuis at this nede  
for thou hast arundel thi good ned  
I shall fetch the sword mozt glay  
and lede me with thee away  
Syz beuis sayd by saint Jame  
and I thee loue I am to blame  
I laye for thee in prison stronge  
Seuen winter that was longe  
and the patriarke on my lyfe  
Charged me neuer to take no wyfe  
But we were a mayden cleue  
and seue pere thou hast bene a queene  
and euery night a knight by thee  
How sholdest thou a mayden be  
Mercy syz beuis than sayd we  
haue me home to your countre  
yf you finde me not a true woman  
In all that you say can  
Send me hether to my fo  
My selfe all naked and no mo  
I graūt quod beuis y thou w me go  
On the couenaunt that it be so  
I ye thee fast and make thet prest  
yf that thou with me go lyfte  
Boniface stode a lytle besyde  
and herde there counceel in that tyde  
Syz beuis he sayd it is great peryll  
I wyll you teche a better schell

the king is gone and he is  
and sone he wyl come from hunting  
yf he finde that we be always  
he wyl pursue by both night & day  
with all his great chivalry  
and we for our trechery  
shalbe drawed through the towne  
and hanged as false felowes  
Sir beuis I do you rede  
arundel to the stable againe ye lede  
and at the gate ye shall abyde  
for whan the king doth aryde  
he wyl aske you of tidings  
where ye haue bene & in what land  
ye shall tell hym truly  
that ye came out of ffloure  
and that the lande is greatly noyed  
Townes be bzent & men destroyed  
and that king bradwyne is  
In poynt to lese his landes & his  
Through synne and his men  
Of antioche the rich citie then  
Ake ye tell hym none other  
for king bradwyne is his brother  
and whan he heareth this tidyng  
he wil go thider with great haile  
with all his power and all his hoste  
than may we go with littell hoste  
Now sayd beuis I holde me apayd  
he led by the horse as he sayde  
sone after came the king from hunting  
and at beuis he asked tidyng

As boniface tolde him before that he shoulde  
I haue great wonder said king iour  
that he seeth not whether for succour  
Them messengers were taken from  
By beuis said by my lorde  
that came fro king hirshon  
I tell thee by goddes payne  
king Siracke hath them in holde  
I trowe it be nothing but a tale  
Now sayd king iour  
I wyll me hie to that shoure  
In all þe I can to helpe my brother  
in his right against the other  
king iour gathered a grete party  
For he went vnto  
But his seruants by grace  
He lefte at home full ready  
that came together in that case  
Beuis iolian and boniface  
Nowe it is time said beuis to go  
Ray sayd boniface þu wall not  
The kinges seruants by grace  
Is made keeper of my lady  
I knowe a grasse said he pypys  
That of suche vertu is  
All tho that therof drinke  
yt wyll make there eyes to winke  
and make the slepe through myght  
all a day and all nyght  
Had grasse drinke this grasse in hole  
than myght we go with confidence



Whan boniface had done that thing  
Up he rode without lessing  
On the morowe withoten myn  
Josian boniface and beuis  
they purueyed them as they were  
Both of syluer and of golde  
they hied them forth on they way  
Soy? grasse awoke on the other day  
whan he with þe quene was gone  
with þe palmer he made great mone  
He made his men them to dight  
and gather great power for to fight  
than he rode forth all be tene  
After the palmer and the quene  
all mambraunt after them drough  
wepened and armed well ynough  
On euery syde a great rout  
they beset beuis round aboute  
than sayd beuis to boniface  
Thou seest we be in strange case  
thou shalt with iost abide here still  
Tyll I go fight with them my self  
they shall aby if that I may  
For I haue rested me many a day  
Had ye neuer so good gampage  
as ye shall se whan we ar sumpage  
As sayd Beuis boniface tho  
For sothe it shall not be so  
I shall you byngt in leste doute  
the landes is beset rounde aboute  
Altytle besyde us here  
ys a caue in a rocke by nether

Were the daye shewen brought in  
Of them all we gae right thought  
To the caue they came at the laste  
Grassy them serched ouer the gaste  
He went agayne where he came fro  
Whith muche care and muche wo  
In that caue they were all night  
Withoute meate or drinke I you plit  
Josian hungered on the morow fore  
and to sir beuis he complained thore  
Beuis sayd to boniface  
Kepe thou Josian in this place  
For I wyll on this hyl go  
to se if I may any thynge do  
that we may on coles caste  
For Josian may euyl faste  
Forth went beuis in that stound  
with him he ledde a good greyhound  
and whan sir beuis went them fro  
within the caue came lynes two  
Grenninge & rapinge with their seter  
and both on boniface did they lepe  
His horse vnto him he drouge  
and armed him well ynoughe  
and gaue vnto them batayle right  
But all to feble was his might  
For anone they him slawe  
and his horse all to gawe  
whan they had eaten of that man  
They went both to Josian  
and laid there hedes vpon her harmes  
But they wolde do her no harme

For it is the Lyons kynne þat  
A kynnes daughter that mayd  
Harne ne scaþe none to do  
therfore lay the Lyons so  
whan beests came from huntinge  
In the caue at the begynnyng  
As he went in for the nones  
saw a man gnawen to the bones  
Into the caue then wente he  
to se what chaunce there might be  
Iolvan late in muche dought  
and two Lyons her aboute

A lye sayd Iolvan tho  
Come and venge me of these two  
For right now haue they slayne  
Boniface your chamberlayne  
the one Lyon wyll I holde  
whyles ye make the other tolde  
About the necke she toke the one  
and beests bad her let him gone  
I saye Iolvan let him be  
For I se well a mayden be ye  
what maistris is it them to slo  
In handes whan ye hold them so  
Let them come to me bothe

Oz elles forsoth I wyll be wroth  
She let go the Lyon withouten mys  
and both they assaunted for beests  
Strong & perlonis was that fyght  
Betwene the Lyons and the knyght  
the gaue him woundes longe & wyde  
his armure he tare on every syde

beests





Beniz looked vp to Iosyan  
and such a comfirt toke he than  
that the to lyons gryme and to the  
At one stroke he slewe them both  
For bonys face full wo was he  
But whan he sawe no hote wolde be  
he toke vp Iosyan that tye  
and on his waye forth gan tye

they

Not the mountenaunce of a myle  
But the mette with a gyaunc  
With a full soyr semblaunte  
He was both mighty and stronge  
he was full thyrty fote longe  
He was byssled like a sowe  
a fote there was betwene every brow  
his lipes were great they hanged syde  
His eyes were holow, his mouth wide  
he was lothely to lake one  
he was lyker a deuyll than a man  
his staffe was a ponge oke  
he would geue a great stroke  
Beuis wondred on him & you plye  
and asked of him what he myght  
and if all the men of his countre  
were a muche as was he  
My name he sayd is alcaparde  
Syr grassp sent me hether warde  
for to bryn you home agayne  
and now I am gladd and sayne  
That I haue you here founde  
for together you shall be bounde  
So shall I you lede to mambrant  
with full soyr semblaunt  
yet sayd beuis thou maist fayle  
I shall the sle fyrst in batayle  
Of arundell beuis downe lyght  
and toke him to tospan the bryght  
And beuis with a bolde herte  
wit morglay assayled Alcaparte

~~And so he was a wayward man~~  
Syr beuis was nimble and lyght  
and starte away away his dynte fro  
whan a scape at him dyd throwe  
yf his harte shoulde hane braste  
He coulde not one on beuis falle  
For if he hade smitten syr beuis ones  
He woulde have bruste all his bones  
Beuis skipped here and thore  
and gaue him woundes wyde & soze  
than a scape was full woo  
and smote at syr beuis tho  
He smote to haue hit syr beuis crown  
His fote slipped and he fell downe  
and oz that he yse myght  
Beuis was redi w his sworde bright  
to haue smyten of his heed  
But Josyan did it for heed  
Syr the lady reshall him saue  
and let him lyue and be your knaue  
Dame he sayd he wyl be betraye  
I wyl be howe he sayd nare  
a scape made beuis homage  
and became syr beuis page  
than they went forth all thre  
Tyll they came to the see  
A dromunde the found there  
to chrisendome redy they were  
there were sarasyng great plente  
And warned beuis there to be  
whan a scape herde of that  
And none to him he toke his bat

and





And drew them out with much harme  
 And bare arundell vnder his arme  
 Bevis and Josian to shyppe he bare  
 and drew by the sayle and made them fare  
 They sayled forth forth to farne  
 Unto the haven of Coleyne  
 Bevis went into the londe  
 b.iii.

and

the byshoppe of the towne percas  
to syz beuis spbbe he was  
Syz beuis grete well þ byshoppe bolde  
and what he was he hym tolde  
the byshoppe than was well apayede  
My dere cosyne welcome he sayde  
that I you se I am full farne  
Full well I wende ye had bene slayne  
whense he sayde is this lady thene  
Syz sayd beuis of herbenesse aquene  
For her I haue suffred muche patne  
and she wolde become chrysten fayne  
He sayde what is he this bad vilage  
Syz sayd beuis he is my page  
I pray you chrysten him also  
though he be both blacke and blo  
The byshoppe chrystened Josian  
that was white as any swan  
For ascaparte was made a tonne  
and whan he shoulde therein be donne  
He lepet ouer vpon the benche  
and sayd curle wilt thou me drench  
the dewyll of hell thy bayne be  
I am to muche to be chrystened I tel þ  
the folke had good game and lough  
but the byshoppe was wroth ynough

**N**owe is beuis in Coleyne lande  
through might of chrystes hande  
there he gat great renoune  
For the sleynge of the dragonne

for when lancelot dillake  
fought with the brenninge drake  
Guy of warwyke I vnderstande  
He slewe a dragon in northumberlande  
But suche a dragon was neuer sene  
As syr beutis slewe I wene  
Beutis went to bed at nyght  
with miche ioy and forchee bryght  
And after his fyrst slepinge  
He herde a rusfull cryinge  
the voyce sayde in his crye  
Jesu my lord haue on me mercy  
I rotte he sayde bone by bone  
My deth is comminge me vpon  
Beutis therof had great sorowe  
and asked them there on the morowe  
He asked them what was the cry  
and men aunswered and tolde why  
They sayd it was a noble knyght  
that was stronge and bolde in sight  
and as he rode through the towne  
he met with a fell dragon  
that with beutis vpon him throwene  
The knight lay then to blowen  
and I shall tell you all the cause  
how the dragon came in to the place  
in the towne of calaboure men tell  
was two dragons great and fell  
these two dragons there can fyght  
Seuen yere both day and nyght  
and desroyed bothe man and beast  
On every tyde both well, and call



12  
There was a man in that londe  
that was full gooder sonde  
He made a bon to god aboue  
that he should for his mothers londe  
Delyuer out by his holy grace  
these to dragons out of this place  
than these two dragons downe fell  
they had no power there to dwell  
than they flewe to tuskayne  
Many men they haue they slayne  
from tuskayne into Lombardy  
there they dyd great bylany  
the one dragon by gods dome  
flewe to the court of rome  
he there rested his curled bones  
In seven yere he tyfeth ones  
Men saye he is there yet  
Enclosed wity clarkes wyte  
the other dragon I vnder stande  
flewe hither into Colapn lande  
within a myle lyeth he  
But a myle from the see  
In colapn lande all a boue  
they haue of byrth great doughte  
that dragon was hie this night  
that hath destroyed the sayd knyght  
Lorde Jesu chris forde beuis tho  
Ma no man that dragon slo  
No certayn they sayd without any table  
All chrisSENDOME were not for him able  
but yt Myhell came downe  
Shall no man see that dragon

By beuis called ascaparte him to  
And asked him what to do  
And sayd wylt thou with me go  
For to se that dragon we two  
By chaunce if we with him fight  
We may him slay with gods might  
I am redy sayd ascaparte trulpe  
haue done anone lit by theither hpe  
Beuis armed him & forth gan ride  
and ascaparte by his syde  
Whan they were passed the ctyte  
and were nere where he shoulde be  
The dragon cast by a yele  
that would haue ferd þe deuyl of hell  
Ascaparte sayd with heuy chere  
Hearest thou what I here  
yes sayd beuis haue no doute  
the dragon is here aboute  
Boldely to him shall we go  
By goddes grace we shall him slo  
Beuis rode forth a good pas  
where he troved the dragon was  
Forsothe sayd ascaparte tho  
I wyl agayne home wardes go  
For I would not for all þauy  
Se that deuyl that made that cry  
what deuyl sayd beuis art thou mad  
I thought nothyng might make the adrad  
For shame walt thou a frayde be  
Of any thyng or thou it se  
By he sayde with heuy chere  
I wyl him neuer se noz here

well sayd beuis for to the  
I wyll him floo or I go  
Ascaparte ferther would he nought  
But beuis rode forth and sought  
and whan that dragon that foule  
Had a sight of syz beuis  
He caste vp a loude crye  
as it had thondred in the skye  
He turned his hely toward the souer  
It was greater than any tonne  
His scales was biter then y glas  
and harder they were than any bras  
Betwene his sholder and his tayle  
Was forty fote without fayle  
He waltred out of his denne  
and beuis pricked his fede then  
and to him a spere he thraue  
That all to shyers it braue  
the dragon gan beuis assaile  
and smote syz beuis with his tayle  
then downe went horse and man  
and to rybbes of beuis bzused than  
Up starte beuis with good wyll  
and after ran the dragon tyll  
And good Morglay out brayde  
and on the dragon fast he layde  
But for no stroke y he gan to strike  
wolde not morglay on him byte  
The dragon was agreued sore  
and smote at beuis moze and moze  
and gaue him many a great wound  
and felled him off to the grounde

what



What for wery and for faynte  
Sir beuis was nere affaynte  
the dragoe thewed on beuis so hard  
that as he should haue fled backward  
there was a well so hane. And wenne  
and beuis stumbled right there in  
than was beuis afrayde and wo  
Lest the dragon should him flo  
Or that he might away pas  
whan he in that well was  
than was the well of such vertu  
thzough the might of christ Jesu  
For some time dwelled in that lond  
A byrgyn full of christes sonde  
that had bene bathed in that well  
that euer after as men tell  
Myght no venemous woyme come therein  
By that vertue of that byrgyn  
Ryghe it seuen fote and moze  
than was beuis glad without fore  
whan beuis sawe the dragon fell  
Had no poore to come to the well  
than was he glad without fayle  
and rested a while for his awalye  
And dranke of that water his fyl  
and than he lept out with good will  
and with mor glay his brande  
He assailed the dragon. And understod  
On the dragon he smote so faste  
where that he hit the scales byaste  
the dragon than faynted fore  
and cast a galon and moze

Out of his mouth of venom stronge  
and on syz beuis it stonge  
yt was venomous ytwis  
Than tohan it was on syz beuis  
All his armure brust in that stound  
and beuis felt dead to the ground  
there was no lyfe on him sene  
He lay as dead man on the grene  
the dragone smote beuis wout faile  
That he turned top and taylor  
But there of take he no kepe  
He lay as a dead man on slepe  
He smote beuis as I you tell  
The dynt smote him in to the well  
that was of great vertue that time  
for it would suffer no venime  
thzough vertue of that virgin  
that some time was bathed therein  
In the well tohan beuis was at the ground  
The water made him hole and founde  
and quenched all the venom awaye  
That well saued him that daye  
tohan beuis felt him hole and light  
and knewe that wel of great might  
than was he a ioyfull man  
He was freshe as tohan he begane  
He kneled downe in that stede  
to Iheruziffe he bade his bede  
that he would send him maiue and might  
To sle that dragon in that fight  
Beuis blessed him selfe and forth yode  
and lept out with hert full good

and

And beuis vnto the dragon gone is  
and the dragon also to beuis  
Longe and harde was that sight  
Bethene the dragon and þ knight  
But euer tohan fyr beuis was hurte soze  
He wente to the wel and washed him thore  
he was as hole as any man  
Euer as freshe as tohan he began  
the dragon sawe that it might not auayle  
Besyd the well to holde batayle  
He thought he would with some wyle  
Out of that place beuis to begyle  
He wolde a flouen then away  
And beuis lept after with good Morglay  
and hit him vnder the winge  
As he was in his flenge  
There he was tender without feale  
and beuis thought to be his bale  
He smote after as I you say  
With his good swoorde Morglay  
Up to the hyltes Morglay rode  
through hert, lyuer, bone and bloud  
to the grounde fell the dragon  
Great ioye fyr beuis begon  
Under the scales all on hight  
He smote of his head sozth right  
and put it on a spere  
And bnnethes he might it bere  
He went towarde colayne that tide  
with mucche ioye and mucche pryde  
tohan they of the cytie sawe beuis  
Come to the head of þ dragon thys



all the belles gan they ryng  
Drifts & clarkes againe he did sing  
and brought beuis so in the towne  
with fair procressio & great renowne  
than was beuis name in honoure  
Euery man had him in fauoure  
In euery lande it goos  
Syz beuis price and his loos  
glad was the bishop of colayne tho  
that syz beuis had bozne him so

¶ Beuis dyd go upon a day  
To þe bishops chāber toher he laye  
and sayd syz what is your reed  
I wolde go venge my fathers deed  
Of that wicked felon  
that slewe my father by treasone  
yf I might be any gynne  
My heritage againe to wyne  
and syz ye be my fathers brother  
and syz Sabere is the other  
Of you two me behoueth to haue counseyle  
For certes that these I wyll assaile  
Syz sayd the bysshope anone right  
Syz sabere is a doughty knight  
For euery yere adaye certayne  
He fyghteth thy stepfather agayne  
with a full great baronage  
for to wyne thyne heritage  
I wyll thee fynde at my costage  
an hūdreth mē of armes at my wage  
and wende to sabere thy ene right

He is in the pit of wight  
Syz he sayd god haue me roy  
But let these men be sone redy  
Syz beuis rode forth to Jossan  
and toke leue of his lemman  
and sayde my lady I must go  
for to woze ke me on my fo  
for to winne unto my hande  
all myne heritage and my lande  
and here styll shall you be  
And ascaparte shall be with thee  
ye shall haue oz I wende  
money ynough for to spende  
Jossan saue it wolde be so  
She kissed him and forth gan go  
forth went beuis with his route  
Of hardy men bolde and stoute  
that the bisshop him gaue  
So longe on the see they draue  
tyll they came to the towne  
but .ii. mile from soth Hamptone  
than sayd beuis to them the  
Is here any man that wyl go  
Unto syz murdere of almayne  
and saye there is come a byttayne  
with doughti knyghts about destace  
Of the best of the realme of fraunce  
and say we be come into this lande  
for we be done to vnderstand  
there shoulde be great warre & fight  
Betwene him and a nother knyght  
and he wyl with him holde

we

We wyll defende him be he so bold  
And yf he will not do so  
We wyll to the other go  
A knight went forth on þe message  
that gentell was of linage  
Whan he came to the castell gate  
the porter let him in there at  
And to sye Murdure was he lad  
and tolde him as beuis had  
Murdure than was full fayne  
and rose vp and went them agayne  
and brought sye beuis into the hall  
and fayre saluted them all  
Beuis was sye murdures fere  
For soth that night at supper  
His owne mother without lesynge  
Made sye beuis great feasting  
Murther asked what he hight  
Gerarde he sayde I you plight  
Gerarde he sayde ywys  
This countesse had oz this  
An erle her had oz I her wedde  
He gat a chylde by her in bedde  
whan þe Erle to deth was brought  
the boye anone wared nought  
His father was of noble blood  
and his mother in all thynges good  
They boye whan he came to age  
Solde to me his heritage  
and spent his siluer with much blae  
and went out of the lande for shame  
Now cometh his uncle an hardy knyght  
that



That dwelled in the yle of wygge  
and challengeth his heretage  
with full great baronage  
and often tymes to his great roue  
Destroeth our lande rounde aboute  
thes is the cause for garrarde  
that eyther warre or other so hadde  
whan syr murdour all had sayde  
Bevis sat syl and was evyll apayde  
and thought lord whether that I shoulde  
this false traitoure or I go  
flay he sayde and why  
It wylle tene me to byland  
for men might wene by reason  
that I him slewe by treason  
It wolde me turne to combatyle  
yf I him see in this wyle  
I wyl not assaile  
I wyl him see in playne batayle  
whan bevis a wyle had forten tell  
Syr he sayde wyl ye here my sayll  
I haue better companye brought  
But in armure by theyr hande  
they might not with the armure lede  
But yf it noyed the as theyd  
and fewe horses ympe had the  
we leste for raryage on the see  
Lende me horse and armure then  
for to furnyssh my men  
and that we haue for to go to  
and that we may to the poynt  
this night wyl I leue and ye

And so within a tyme whyle  
ye shall here a quantite of  
Sir murdure dyd as beutis him heb  
and lende to his men a shippe  
and ordeyned them to goe  
and than brought beutis to the shippe  
and forth all be lode  
Till they came to the yle of wyght  
Sabere our of his castell  
and harde muche noyse  
and sawe a shyppe to lande  
with an hundred beades  
and had wonder what they were  
But beutis dytplayed his banner  
For to make gladd  
Of his father tynges  
For many a tyme there before  
were those armys in batayle borne  
Sabere knewe soon the cogonance  
and than he made good remembrance  
and sayd letres  
that ponde is beutis comen to land  
Sabere went to the shippe  
there as the shippe was made  
and welcomed beutis with love  
and cyther of them was other kille  
and thanked god of his grace  
tho beutis was to the place  
Forth went beutis with Sabere  
with theyr men all  
Beutis tolde his

honor his stepfather and he gan write  
than being asked for with again  
if there were any man  
that durst wende as hote  
into hampton in a hote  
and tell murdure this night  
that I was not the frenche knight  
He that hight Gerard  
that made with him that forwarde  
But say I hight being of vendome  
the right heire of such hampton  
and say the conteste is in dawe  
the dyuill geue them both shame  
And say that I will avenge be  
Of that they do to my father and me  
and whoso will be for me this  
I shall rewarde him well? hepp  
Up sette a knight with bold visage  
that vnder toke that message  
And armed him with hote  
and brought him to the hote  
whan he came to that place  
to the castell gate he came  
and founde the wardour at his supper  
with good semblance and good cheer  
the knight on his knees him sette  
and sayd my lord I praye you  
and sayde syr I praye you  
Suche a certayne thing  
that the knight not gerard  
that made with the frenche knight  
He hight being of vendome



He is the laddest of me soone  
I harde so to labore speke  
His fathers death he wyl lreke  
and wyne he wyl his heritage  
On them y haue done him outrage  
whan syr murdure harde that worde  
He cast his kniffe ouer the borde  
to haue smitten the messenger  
But he sayled as you may here  
and smote his sonne in the breste  
that he neuer spake to clake ne prest  
Then rose there a noise and a cry  
the messenger than not for to lye  
thought not good to dwell there long  
But out he lete them amonge  
and smote his horse with his spurre  
and sprange out at all the durres  
fayre and well he gan him dight  
tyll they came to the yle of wight  
and tolde syr beuis and syr saherc  
How syr murdure sat at supper  
his owne sonne for yre he slouge  
beuis had good game and longhe  
and gaue the messenger in his hand  
Syrre dight for his toun

How a knight y dight dight came  
and woed Jolien and wedded  
her agayn her self

Let we of them be lene  
L And we be lene of Jolien

That in colayne dwelled  
where she had she had no all here  
ther dwelled a knight that hight myll  
In the lande of colayne that myll  
to Josian his lome he call  
and wowed her wonderous fast  
But all his speche turned to nought  
For nothing coulde chaunge her thought  
the erle was wroth in his maner  
For Josia made him so great danager  
and in an anger downe he him lette  
and to Josian he spake wordes greates  
I wolde do with thee my myll  
whether it lyke thee well or yll  
For sayd Josian thy host let be  
I drede the nought so may I the  
For yf thou go to the batte  
I affyre in alcaparte  
Certes thought the erle myle  
I shall him in some maner begyle  
whan he sawe he might not speke  
Up he rose and forth he yede  
he made a letter be writen right  
On this maner it was bight  
from bevis as the letter wolde  
that alcaparte come thow  
Unto a castell that stode in a myle  
yt was not from colayne but a myle  
whan alcaparte herde that sound  
he toke a dar by his hand  
and wente forth with that myll  
in great haste yf he coulde  
m.iii. when

When alcaparte was well within  
the messenger was quene of a gonne  
within he lefte alcaparte  
and locked the gates after him harde  
and rowed him selfe to lande agayne  
and tolde syz myle that trarie  
than had erle myle of that no drede  
Agayne to iostan than he rede  
and sayd iostan make no moue  
for alcaparte is fro the gone  
In a castell within the see  
Locked fast forsoth is he  
than was iostan forllapayed  
She called a messenger & sybille  
Go thou to thyrpe this yke nyght  
and passe for thy to the yle of wyght  
and byd syz betis for any thyng  
Come to me without lettynge  
yf he wyll haue me on lyue  
therfore I pray the go home  
I shall thee thy reward pay  
Do thy erande without delaye  
the messenger went for thy his way  
there was nothing else to saye  
And syz myle after to saye  
Came vnto sayre iostan  
and syz it wold haue he bet by  
I pray thee syz the lord marry  
for I haue sworne by goddes name  
that I shall neuer be by thyne  
though I therfore wold be loth to saye  
I wyll I be a wedded wyfe



3 wyll go with her to bedde  
Whiche forpan than sayd he  
to morowe shall we wedded be  
he kissed her anon as right is  
and sent after barons and knyghtes  
that were of his pryncipe  
at his wedding for to be  
for he wolde wed her pryncipe  
On the morowe erly  
Erly on þ morowe he forgoth nothyng  
But thei were into a church brought  
the erle began to lutan to wedde  
Both to boorde and to bedde  
Whan the wedding was all done  
By that it was hye none  
Kyes and barons were soone sette  
and ryche meates were forth set  
There lacked none thyng  
Of ryche meates and myghty  
Whan it drew to make the mornynge  
A ryche supper there was made  
and afterwarde met theynt  
the knyght and he to chamber went  
Upon her bedde where as she lay  
The erle came to her with that  
with barons a great company  
with pynate and with spylers  
Whan they had drunken the wyne  
sayd Iosian saye longe myne  
Let no person herein be  
this night to here out pryncipe

neptyet

Myselfe shall be your chamberlaine  
He sayd lemman it shall be so  
Both man & maiden be made but go  
he shet the doore well and fast  
and let hym downe at the last  
there was a curtayne as it was late  
Before the bed it was drawe  
than on her girdel withouten lesinge  
She made a knot rydng  
A bout his necke she drew it thore  
and strangled him withouten more  
than on a beme she hanged him ore  
and let him therfore his soles  
the night passed in that wyse  
the barons began for to cyle  
Some on huntinge some to church  
an workemen to worke  
the halfe day passed withouten cyle  
the barons had of him no nyghe  
Some said let hym be dyl  
Of tolia he had his wyll  
the mydday went, it was to none  
a baron spake then lone  
I marvyle he sayd how may this be  
I wyll go to the chamber and se  
he smote the doore with his lot to fast  
that all to peeces he it brake  
A cyle he sayde thou erle myle  
for thou hast slept a great while  
thy head aketh woot I well  
thou hast neede of a catwell

His head shall neuer more be  
I haue charmed him from that soze  
that his head shall be no more  
Howe long I quite his wedding  
yonder mayst thou se him henge  
He shall neuer woman spell  
Do with me what soeuer ye will  
All they made great sozowes  
that other day on the morow  
Se was dight herament  
In a tonne to be hente  
with out the towne was set a stake  
A great fyre gon they make  
In a castell layd a poynt  
and ouer a wal toke the berwarde  
and had great wonder truly  
what that fyre might signify  
than he thought in his hert  
that iolla was brought in  
Of the castell that he was in  
A turrett he had all to broken  
He was so wo and wode  
that he leyt into the fode  
and fast by him also horte  
Came a fyre with his hote  
and a capar toke the hote in hand  
and rained the hote to the land  
towards the folke he gon loken  
He was gonne off and in poynt  
and loken faste wher was the  
where is my name I lye with the



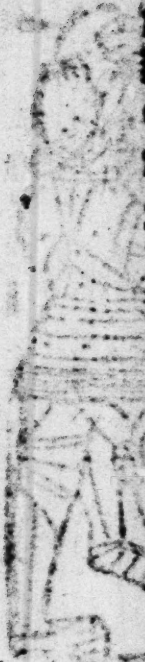
By beuis for he knew he sayde  
The Erle myle hath me betrayed  
towards the fyre they shal the blis  
the preste than Iolan wyf  
Christes blessing have among  
for he tarped her so longe  
whan the fyre was all redy  
In her smoke we stode ther by  
Nicht as they shal be her by  
On arundell beuis gave em  
and in his hand good swyg  
and ascaparte went a nother way  
all that they about founde  
Beuis and he stode to the grounde  
there was neither Englysh nor  
that passed it by  
and that made the false Erle myle  
for his treason and his will  
Beuis toke with him Iolan  
Both allepate and Iolan  
and went with good speed  
Tyll they came to the yle of Wight  
Sire sabere welcomed to good here  
Both beuis, Iolan, and allepate

Howe say Beuis that night  
Sabere his came sent these messenges  
a wyde for men of armes to socoure them  
tide against the spurdab & helde beuis her  
tage by the towne  
hed woman his mother and Iolan in  
ascaparte had the spurdab and the

ben to deach in a caudon. In this



**S** Abere and beins sent they sonde  
wyde about in every londe  
After ryght greet chually  
Of stalworth knyghtes and barde  
that they myght fynde them  
Of every land the doughter men  
Spared they neyther feire ne gold  
For the bechmen have they shold  
Beis to becomen knyghtes  
To everlastyn in his deges  
Ther come cryes and barde  
For to succour by bechmen



Each one had of him good wages  
and riche gyftes moze and lesse  
Each man after his doughtinesse  
therfoze each man to him sought  
He toke & left what he best thought  
Euer he chase him of the best  
that he coulde find either est or west  
Syz murder muche forow made he  
whā he sawe beuis had such a meine  
the countesse sayd dzed ye nought  
Of good counsell I am bethought  
ye shall sende in certayne  
after the power of almayne  
also you shall sende your sonde  
after my father into Scotlande  
He wyll come to you redely  
with a full great company  
and we maye haue many mo  
Out of englande and wales also  
wheretozz shoulde ye dzed then  
whyle ye maye haue so maney men  
If beuis se you haue suche a route  
He wyll ste a way for dought  
Syz murder dzed by hys counsaile  
the messenger went without fayle  
that afterwarde without teryng  
to hampto came both prince & king  
there came with a king of Scotland  
the number of fower thousande  
there came out of almayne  
with syz moztis of almayne



and well armed for to fight  
and sye murdure had also  
Thre thousand men and more  
Now lordinges sayd sye murdure  
that hither come me to socoure  
Oste ye haue harde speake parde  
Of the streyfe betwene Sabere & me  
Nowe to him is come to helpe him to fight  
Beuis of hampton a noble knight  
well. I wende he had ben dead  
what is therfore best your read  
He thzetenech me to be slayne  
and that he wyl winne his landes agayne  
I graunt with him he hath brought  
an erthly man semeth he nought  
Neyther of fleshe ne of fell  
for he is lyke the dyuell of hel  
When cal him ascaparte throughtout  
Of him forsooth I haue great doute  
Lordinges he sayd arme you well  
Both in prou and fere  
though ascaparte be state and sterke  
many handes maketh light werke  
whan his boord was armed & dight  
they shipped to the yle of wight  
All the yle was to besyzed  
with the power of the murdure dedde  
Sye sabere laken out at a roure  
and slawe the boord off sye murdure  
and all on that day he began he go  
for to tell sye beuis so  
and

In this castell to holde vs bytill  
and defende vs from yll  
For such a hoste as hath murdure  
He saue I neuer in no flour  
Do away as there sayd beuis the  
For yf they haue as many mo  
Against vs all they haue no myght  
They haue the wronge & we þe ryght  
arme you lordinges beuis gan crye  
that we were armed hastily  
And ye shall haue myn labere  
Thre thousand vnder your banere  
and I as many shall led  
Of thoughty men good at nede  
For I wyll haue the forwarde  
and than he sayd to ascaparde  
thou shalt dwelle not for thy  
with thre thousand men hardy  
and whan we haue medled a good  
And eche brought othe to þe ground  
whan þe flour is most hard & ferege  
Hee thee thither and dwell not longe  
For thre thousand of freemen  
Good dedes shall they do then  
Beuis then his horn did blowe  
For all his men should knowe  
By þe blowing knyghtes murdure  
That they gadered the flour  
þe sayd lordinges withouten fayle  
As to cometh our enemies to battayle

Be ye hardy and stout  
for we be as many more  
to battles as they make  
the king of Scotland on gan take  
Syr murther that other lad  
Either of them ten thousand had  
The first that of the castel came out  
was Syr bevis with his rout  
And sabels with his company  
Came after full boldly  
Either host gan other despise  
and every man to other reide  
Syr moris of Mayne  
kote fast sabels agayne  
And sabels mette him on the  
and such a stroke he gaue  
that quite a way gan he cleue  
from the shoulder arme and sleue  
Before the peccant Syr bevis  
On every syde he felle them  
There might none him withstand  
that sawe the king of Scotland  
He preceed forth with his rout  
and beset bevis round about  
Bevis began then to play  
and made hym in good may  
He wolde not stent than so  
Tyll he went the king to  
And such a stroke he him lent  
that horse and man to the ground went  
but such a score came to him then  
at that tyme bevis might by no means  
but



But or he was holled agayne  
An hundred men beuys had staid  
forth pced beuys in that charge  
On euery syde beuys he them slayd  
He neuer stent in that fowle  
Tyll he came to sye murdure  
traptoure he sayd with great eny  
Turne thee now & thes beuys  
Whan murdure sawe that he was beledd  
He turned his backe and wolde haue fledde  
and beuys smote after with good morglay  
And sayled him wala way  
For by his backe & stroke fell down  
and hit vpon his saddle cropstone  
and smote it a fowle to the ground  
Horse and saddle both in that fowle  
But there came hantely foroute  
and horsed agayne sye murdure  
and boldly than byd he a byde  
The people stode on euery syde  
Beuys rode forth on a white  
on euery syde he byd them sell  
Some lay blessing as a swine  
and some began them to praye  
and some their visage he byd paye  
that men might se thei reche bare  
there went none marked a horse  
that beuys might reche with morglay  
For soze agreed was he  
for beuys one the other had the  
But beuys and saddle bare them  
Euer agayne one the other two

whan

than came forth alcaparte  
all on foote. & you saye  
for there might be horse here  
he toke his staffe in his hande  
and slewe downe all that he sawe  
whan alcaparte came within his raue  
than had sye myghte great done  
for he brought with him then  
the thousand of freche men  
and selled downe on euery syde  
and slewe all that would abyde  
Greate pitte men might have done  
Of the murdres that sheweth here  
fearfull they be of alcaparte  
for he sayde for euer more  
that the thousand they myghte  
fle and drowne in the see  
Beuis called alcaparte him to  
and sayd felowe here we shall  
loke that thou take good heed  
Of him that syde with the wylde  
and bere him alyne to the towne  
for that same is sye myghte  
yes sayd alcaparte thou shalt see  
we shall the wylde men  
alcaparte with his staffe  
many theyre be with him  
with great strength and myghte  
he came to sye myghte  
and all on horse as he sayde  
Under his arme he had a sword  
than

He began to cry out to the king  
to rescue him that he should not be  
The king of Scotland with his council  
Beset a caparce round about  
and than syz Benis and syz Tabere  
Came tho with theyr powere  
and slew all that wolde stande  
to the number of thre thousande  
and mangre if they had bene  
Murdre was comen vpon  
the king of Scotland was than beset  
whan he sawe murdre to be fellet  
and all his meany to be slayne  
He turned thay his backe  
than then wolde no longer abyde  
But slewe then Benis on every side  
Syz benis and syz Tabere  
Chased them with theyr powere  
And faste folowed he  
that many ferd into the see  
And they that were in the land  
they were all slayned and slayne  
Some they were by the hute  
And some quarred in the  
Some theyr nose ad some their  
the king of Scotland had a wyppare  
And fledde away south by the see  
to the place that is called  
Benis and Tabere turned agayne  
Into the land and slayned  
Syz benis with his powere  
Made a captivity of the people



A worse death was never in this world  
whan the caridounes howled herde  
Murdure was cast in the mydwaye  
that deth died he sacker  
for the deth of good syr gawyn  
thereof heard the countesse  
That syr murdure dede was  
she stode a howe in a towre  
to wo she was for syr murdure  
that she fell downe and broke her necke  
y bethrewhim that therof noth recke  
whan syr bevis tidinges herde  
Of his mother how she fawde  
As loy was he for her  
as he was for his stepfather  
sone after for bevis  
Come to loth dampton is  
to take possession of his landes  
that had bene longe out of his handes  
the burgesles with murdun  
a gaynall syr bevis men that ordeyned  
and brought syr bevis home and dwell  
to hampton to his chawncell  
Of hampton all the baronage  
Came and did hawthorne  
that was bevis chawncell  
that he had his chawncell  
Than bevis the countesse  
Tente after the byllow of chawncell  
that bevis the countesse  
to be at his weddinge

two knyghtes his yollan's none  
to church than they her ledde  
the byll hope him self on the bokered  
and to beuis was wedded byll  
to the endinge of this ylle  
How hath beuis becomen his under  
two chyldren by her he gare  
The fyrst night together in lere  
as ye shall afterward here  
Sabere counseled him there  
to go to london to king Edgar  
for to make hi homage as refo holder  
for his landes to chalenge and holde  
Syz beuis dyd after counsaill  
and went forth before the king  
and proferd þ king to do hi homage  
as it fell to his herpage  
king edgar asked him what he myght  
and what he claime for his myght  
Syz he sayd in answer to the king  
the erldome of somerset and  
after my father's daye  
that was slayn for his daye  
with syz murder of almanys  
and thanked he god for his daye  
Beuis sayd to the king I holde me paynt  
I graunt that thou shalt have  
his marshall to be his daye  
and sayd help me in this  
for syz guy his father was  
and syz beuis his sonne becomen  
made

And his marriage he had made  
and his marriage he had made

Bevis is now of great might  
belovied both of kynge and knyght  
Eche man loveth him and doted  
Loved and bys bevis of hampton  
for largely woulde he spende  
and gyfte both yowre and sende  
To every man after his estate  
No man had cause him to hate  
He was so curteys and so kynde  
that every man was his frende  
save syr Blayne of cornewale  
he hated bevis without cause  
for bevis had the best of  
that some tyme were his  
In some as whilom tyme  
whan knyghts moode on horsbacke rode  
a cours let they make on a daye  
of dedes and pallaspe for to playe  
whiche horse that best may run  
thre myles the cours was then  
who that might see the bevis  
Battell of the red and gold  
for bevis was payed well  
for muche he trusted in his hand  
On the morowe bevis was payed  
theyther came both barons and knyghte  
with forty hertes and many more



two knightes were a daye in the field and one  
a large halfe myle and more  
that none of theyr felowes wote  
It was with the iourney the horse was  
Arundell so sayth the booke  
amid the waye he was the more he  
and had ryden the course the while  
O he had thought he had ryden and  
Howe hath betwixt the treasure more  
through arundell that will runne  
wherefore with that and other cause  
He made the castell of arundell  
the horse was greatly praised in the case  
for both swifte and lusty he was  
the kynges sonne and his heire  
thought the horse both good and swifte  
and to saye betwixt than he prayde  
and prayed him to geue him his fief  
No sayd heire for no golde  
But aske me els what he wylde  
at your wylle you shall haue  
But arundell do you not praye  
for any prayer that they might praye  
shall I not geue arundell a wage  
the kynges sonne sawe it was no horse  
of arundell any longer to use  
without any more fable  
He wente into the heire fable  
for he woulde the horse wylde  
it when he came to the fable  
that arundell also wote

with

with his hande to the grounde  
that he fell downe & brake his heade not  
so he lay there dead  
there was full of weeping  
whan tidings came to the kynge  
forth with the kinge & a great  
made to be set his parliament  
and begane to debate  
that syr bevis shoulde be slayne  
and be drawen with a plow befor  
but his hardis wold not be so  
they sayde that it wete no thyng  
But arduen shoulde be at his heade  
for he lewte the towne for to go  
but nought to do with us  
say syr bevis to the castell  
woulde I let the arduen  
for he is good in every wyse  
yet had I rather Englande  
than spake syr bevis to the  
say this is our counsaile  
that ye do one of the two  
I shal be as you be  
I shal be as you be  
I shal be as you be  
and there be no more  
I shal be as you be  
for to knowe the maner  
and ye after that  
he shoulde be taken and tall bounde  
on this manere they were at one

and

and together they both were in a great  
Of the case both left in the world  
It is no longer in the world  
for here no longer stay in the world  
Bevis and Josyan in the world  
and there let it be as it may  
Saberes sonne that high  
Bevis toke with him for company  
A scapearte that false  
for hym beys was in the world  
he thought I dwell here with him  
I get nought else but great trouble  
And I myght be termynant  
I synge Josyan to mynne  
full welcome thou shalt have  
and have ynoughe as mynne  
this A scapearte false  
for bevis was fallen in the world  
whan a man is in the world  
few frendes mete with him

¶ Howe bevis and saipe Josyan  
waye into a strange lande  
lede in a forelle and was  
dren. And howe bevis  
tere her delysous  
way, and after that  
great tynge  
and bevis  
and bevis





**N** Do we bevis and jossan forth gan ryde  
 Till they came to a forest ryde  
 And Jossan that was a myghty knyght  
 In that wode translated with chylde  
 Bevis and ferry do bene gan ryght  
 and w their swords a lode of myght  
 And brought Jossan thence w a myght  
 For they could no better gan ryght  
 She thanketh him and said w a myght  
 For to helpe her as he had sayd  
 She thanketh him and said w a myght  
 For goddes sake he had sayd  
 Go and playen w the myghty knyght  
 And let me be as I was  
 Shall never be as I was  
 So many she had sayd  
 Bevis and ferry forth gan ryde  
 For they wold no more be as I was  
 and

And at a parrice  
 On treason thought this woful wyfe  
 after that beuis was gon her fro  
 she was deliuered of childen two  
 whan a scapecraft was that cas  
 that Iosian deliuered was  
 To the lodge wente he there  
 and Iosian a waye did bere  
 there might no pyniers her bozote  
 I wonder her hart burst not for sorow  
 for he smote by termaganta  
 he woulde her fede to mainbreaunte  
 whan beuis had there longe tarded  
 Agayne to the lodge he him bried  
 In the lodge founde he no mo  
 But yonge small children two  
 Than wist he not what to saye  
 than he sawe Iosian whan a waye  
 Alas than sayd beuis  
 a scapecraft hath done treason wyl  
 Syr beuis fell to the grounde in tearynes  
 and syr terry blaw him by hande  
 whan sir beuis sawe no better woulde be  
 his riche mantell than toke he  
 and lapped the yonge children therein  
 for they were cold with cold of the wynde  
 No lenger than woulde he abyde  
 he toke his children and forth wente  
 + a foster in the woode he wente  
 Syr beuis him aske and saye him grete  
 felow sayd beuis than  
 sawe thou sayst of megen minn

what maner of man art thou barlydet  
For he sayd I am a foster  
wil thou sayd beys so chris & myld  
Do chris ten here an herben childe  
But right now it was borne  
Full erly it hath the mother lozme  
And kept it but this seven yere  
For ten make haue it here  
Gladly sayd the foster cho  
He toke the child and the siluer also  
and said what shall I call him sic knyght  
Guy he sayd as my father hight  
and whan he is seven yere  
Of eche land do thou inquest  
After beys of hampton  
My name is so be my erdome  
and bringe the childe then to me  
and well rewarded that thou be  
Gladly sayd he sayd  
he wente his way  
Forth they rode so sayd the boi  
and an other man they ouer toke  
and asaid what maner man thou art  
He sayd a foster of the king  
and beys with good will  
Made with him the same  
that he should on this maner  
his other sonnes kept his siluer  
the foster of the king  
He toke the childe and



After him selfe to the castle he went  
He christened þe child & bight him selfe  
Forth to the belis bi hale and bones  
Tyll he came to a castell tohne  
He toke his yre an courtiers knight  
and fast to his supper he him bight  
at a windowe beuis looked out  
He sawe in the strete all about  
Stedes trapped fayre and bryght  
Dukes and erles & many a knight  
Out of the windowes on every side  
Armes were hanged fayre ad wyde  
Harodes gan the armes soone espy  
and therof beuis marualed greatly  
and asked his hook therof to dinge  
Syr he sayd harde ye nothings  
Of the great iusting that shall be  
To morowe here in this cite  
the Dukes daughter and his helre  
She is a mayden good and fayre  
Her father is now nere dede  
therfore it is given her to wed  
a great iusting for to crye  
that he that may haue the maystrey  
Shall this mayde haue to mede  
and her lande to guid and lorde  
Now sayde beuis to the knyght  
Shall we iust for that lady  
yes sayderry god forbede tis  
If it be so southe as he has tolled  
Beuis gaue that man for his toying  
Of gress and of bylling

On the morrow the knyghtes and knyght  
Than rose both baron, squire, and knyght  
Fayze tokens they gan on them thow  
where by the lady shulde them knowe  
By beuis and by terry  
Armed them self hastily  
By beuis bare of colours patment  
A rede Lyon of golde rampaunte  
and forth rode terry and be  
Theyther as the iustinge shulde be  
They sayze lady Elynoure  
ouer the castell lap that houre  
And the iustinge she behelde  
What knyght bare him beste in the felde  
Than these knyghtes begane to ryde  
Eche to other on every syde  
The fyrst knyght þe erle beuis rode agayne  
Was the Emperours sonne of almayne  
And beuis to him bare so faste  
that horse and man to the grounde he caste  
The erle Florens forth gan thinge  
against the beuis with great hastinge  
And beuis mette with him in the felde  
and hit him in the myddes of þe wyllde  
That two lande rode and more  
he caste him from his horse thore  
than came forth duke anthouper  
He was duke of Burgoyne  
He was stronge and of great pyete  
and thus he sayde to the knyght  
Turne thee he sayde make defence  
For I wyll haue the erle Florens  
them

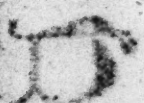
Than on the morrow he rode to the  
But first he would have haden the lady  
So that either to other he would  
that they should be all together  
But for he was so hard to himself  
that his shoulder bone all to hurt  
therfore he was grieved sore  
for that day he might not move  
and there rode forth for terry  
to the kinges brother of Hungary  
Terry gave him for his rebowne  
that both horse and man fell downe  
Than came the erle Hamant  
and to for terry he made assent  
and terry her him in middest of the field  
And bare him quite into the felde  
there was no knight redy  
that might with stand bevis & terry  
But all the knightes for enye  
Bevis and terry they dyd desyre  
and full narrowe they then fought  
bevis of hamton spared the knight  
The stewarde of the same land  
Bevis cast downe on the sand  
and than lougher the lady Elynore  
for the boote that he made before  
and many bevis have through note  
So that they stode in great doubt  
They stinted never till it was night  
that they wanted the day light  
that they ceased their playng  
and on the morrow they her by standing  
that



Was gentle & beuis of sampten  
Dame Elphoz woude not blyue  
Tyl beuis was brought to her son  
Se sayde beuis be my counsaile  
thou shalt me wedde without faile  
Eether to oother terme of lyfe  
Nay sayd beuis I haue a wyfe  
He tolde how he was take him fro  
Nowe she sayd yth it is so  
thou shalt all this & more  
Be my lord in all manere  
and yf thou finde her not by than  
I wyl thee haue before any man  
The best next beuis adt for thy  
that was the good knyght for terry  
And loke beuis it I say thyll  
Dame he sayd I holde me there tyl  
and this was beuis her governour  
and led that land in great honoure  
as Sabere depleyn might be dede  
Him thought that beuis was be  
with a scapulet was his shoulde  
That he had beuis sayd  
whan he wote his hart was colde  
His dreame to his wyfe he tolde  
Sir he sayd I wote this  
Beuis is beuis in to some  
As I trove by my lyfe  
He hath eyned the beuis  
through all the world  
Beuis is beuis in to some  
than

Chancelor knyghtes he had a troupe  
Twelve knyghtes he had a troupe  
In palmeres wede by saynt John  
well armed every ynone  
All were armed sure and well  
Both in pzen and felle  
Forth they went both more and lesse  
Tyll they came to hethen lles  
whan Iosian was nere at mabz  
Jesu Chyrlt be her warraunte  
He mette sabere in the bylage  
And sayd palmer in her langage  
I praye you of socours and reed  
But ye me helpe I am but deed  
Certes Iosian sayde sabere  
It lyeth me well that ye ar here  
For of you madame be mented  
I shall make be my a present  
than was he agreued in a caparte  
For they assayed him full harde  
They him to fete on every syde  
But they would none hit dete  
From his strokes always he did stonde  
and sterre againe as knyghte amonge  
and gaue him great strokes  
As one was smote on other  
and as he smote after  
lyz sabere ganne to him right  
And wyth a swerde without pesson  
he bare a caparte throughoute  
and he fell dead in the ground  
Glad was Iosian in that day  
311

that was brought to her  
her body that was so sore and  
he noynted it with oyle of rose  
and made her a new gowne  
that before was so tye and  
that no man shoulde take her  
therefore discoloured her  
and then he and she fought  
but things of this kinde  
that will be founde, for the  
On a day they went through a stile  
And lefte Joffan to her  
and he went forth some way to  
where he went to the castell gate  
and met to his father  
he made him the honour of  
that he would give him some good  
Terry behelde him and  
and sayd to him  
there shall no meat be for thee  
for thou art lyke my father  
where sayd he good good  
to thy mother sayd he  
whan Terry sawe that  
he came to him with his  
and kyssed him and asked his  
what made him to come  
where sayd he some thing  
what thing it was  
forth they went  
till they came to the





married alway the same  
fayre and well they were by  
and brought her to the church  
and toke her to be his wife  
there came never to byn the same  
Than came the people and the king  
with theyr chyldren close  
and for they helde this wedding  
he made this by the way  
and than wedded they  
Of that londe the lady was  
there was a ryche feck  
On every side of the

**T**his begynne a newe story  
Of a strange lorde and a lady  
Bytwene them gatt a lady  
and all was for a lady  
A palmer toke a lady  
and sir bevis was  
Went after the lady  
Of doughty knyghts  
that he had knowne  
and all they to  
whan bevis was  
He toke his lady  
and terry professed  
But bevis was  
labere of the  
of I have  
Supper

and cryed him merry and honest  
and sayd yf thou wilt forgyue me  
I wyll be christened for p lome of thee  
on that condempned beutis gaue him his  
That they be accorded ywis  
without any other dome  
Beutis sent for the byllhop of rome  
that he should send his clerkes good  
shabere them byllhop as they poss  
that the might with clere clergie  
Christen the lande of armore  
For they hyged grante they had  
the byllhope it berde and he was glad  
and hath sent after his clere  
Clerkes that were wile in the lande  
they christened beutis with their hands  
and syden all the people of that lande  
In many a place beutis gon to the  
Abbeys and many a goodly church  
So was left the land of armore  
Although beutis was a goodly man  
Kyng Rouse heard of the thing  
that beutis was gone to the  
A great host made he the next day  
Forty thousand carabins  
and to armore went he with his  
and there beutis was and  
whan beutis was dead he was  
q.ii.

and rode byng yowre knyght  
with all his power might and maine  
It was a fair fight to them & belde  
whan both parties met in the felde  
the felde shone wonderous bright  
with banners that were light  
But sone after they were all other  
whan bothe the hostes were together  
On bothe parties the companye sayd  
thei got arrows with bowes turkis  
quarrels with al bladders & red stones  
there was a hole full of pines  
For arrows there a great plenty  
there might not one host another le  
with sword byght that wel can bite  
Eche man on other gan smight  
But whan they handled both in same  
there was earnest and no game  
and beests with sporgias tryed to  
that all that he hit he smote in two  
the saracines gan beests to helpe  
and came thynke about that rebely  
therwith he was well appoynted  
On every side he them beset slough  
so many he slew in that fight  
to his styrope thei laye bright  
he rode south whan he was sette  
and there he slew his many offe  
Sabere his enemy though he were olde  
he sheweth that he was strong & bold  
he slew his enemy without anye doubt



and the magre of Jerusalem was in the land  
he bare the kinge downe the waye to the  
than Ierusalem folowed on a heape  
To kinge Iour soner they lepe  
and with force haried him agayne  
and all at once on Iherusalem  
Betwixt Iherusalem was in doubt  
and pressed forth amonge the route  
and him rescued in that house  
and him selfe went to kinge Iour  
and led him forth all with force  
and betoke Iherusalem his horse  
and had him into the towne  
and presented ermine with kinge Iour  
Iherusalem led him all the waye  
the Ierusalem folowed him full thynke  
But such a stroke gave the kinge  
that kinge Iour the deede led  
for ought that they might do  
whan they sawe they fled  
How wyll we no longer abyde  
betwixt and his men after galyde  
and made after them so harde a chase  
that ten thousand slaine be  
Many a knight in that felde  
men might be dead under their helmes  
and many of the Ierusalem that daye  
with their deeth made waye  
Many a Ierusalem might the  
without maye the Ierusalem  
and a Ierusalem men might the

Cutte off his head with a sword  
whan syr bevis had made that shew  
he came againe with great solace  
and syr bevis right anon  
made call kyng leodegast for  
kyng four prayed bevis that  
that he might make ransom  
and for his ransom of bevis  
Twenty fower thousand of gold  
and three hundred bevis of the  
an hundred bevis of the  
and hundred bevis of gold  
and as many of silver  
all this ransom I will thee give  
if thou wilt let me live  
Bevis said make no ceremony  
And I shall be thy knight  
So much as I can  
But I letter have I measure the thee  
than was king four daye  
there after to send his chamberlaine  
and he brought without delay  
And for his knyghthode payed one hundred  
of kyng leodegast for bevis  
and of king bevis for the  
that shoulde paye out of the  
and send after his sonne  
for guy was bevis sonne  
Upon his head he set the crowne  
and made him king of armoyn  
And loone after that

Byen kyng arundell the lord of the maner of  
Eo beauen and the lord of the maner of  
to ly: beuis came (abrethore) and  
and toke his lene to the lord of the maner of  
Eo england and the lord of the maner of  
to his chyldren and his wyfe  
Beuis had him tary herement  
where wolde he have been  
flow is king dour in maner  
and swereth bi the lord of the maner of  
that he wolde him well auance  
that might sle with any chance  
Good arundell with some treason  
from beuis of southampton  
and he myghte have been  
A crowe men mighte have been  
there was a hys that hys name  
A quant knave and a foule felon  
and he undertake the maner of  
and went forth to the maner of  
with his charman and with his wyfe  
arundell from beuis he brasse  
and brought him to maner of  
and presented him to kinge  
than was the kinge of the maner of  
that beuis was so beauteous  
was beuis the lord of the maner of  
when he myghte have been  
as where slept in the night  
he thought be was beuis  
and arundell downe his raffe  
and two of his rybbis there beauteous

when



210  
naban he waked he had a freyde gylt of  
and to his wife his wyf he sayde  
for the sayd ye do wyllyngly as I haue  
ye dwell from hence forth I haue  
Behim that was of myn house  
I trowe he hath his booke of  
for labere for for byns labere  
Burdon and for byns labere  
and went forth with good  
Till he came to the house  
theyther he went for to his  
And left the hand of  
for labere came by a  
When he best of  
for labere came ther  
On a roundell  
nowe thought  
Teele is now  
Felow he sayde  
This may be calle  
he is well  
Good felow turne  
and as he turned  
Up behinde  
he smote to  
with the ende  
and wolde no  
the farasing  
and the kynge  
how one was  
Than role the  
that they

to the number of three thousand  
and full narrow was the beset  
Josian stode in a turret  
and the folke behelde the well  
and how one came riding on a roundel  
Unto the hall she hilde her downe  
Bye we sayde without the towne  
Commeth on riding vpon your steede  
Certes she sayd he is in great drede  
He is harde beset all aboute  
With men of armes a great route  
would god said beuis a whel him take  
Socour sone should he haue  
first on horse was sir guy  
Sir myles his brother and sir terry  
And sye beuis fast byed he  
with all the knyghtes of that cite  
he byed him fast in that flour  
and brought sabere good socoure  
and slewe the sarasins do bene right  
that none of them scape myght  
Good game had sabere to sene  
How they lay spratling on the grene

**A**ydinges came to king Joure  
that his me was slain in the  
he made to sende hastily  
after his wythe king of Sherry  
and told him how his me was de  
and asked him counsell and vnder  
I shall the saye quod the king  
A. I.

In pany not in the petyt  
Is none to the of doughtynesse  
Therefore I counsaile you so  
ye do the batayle betwene you two  
And make redy thy sawchone  
and make the sacrifice to mahomet  
that he sende the ouer hande  
And forsaith I vnderstande  
That thou shalt a conquerour be  
and we will all wornde with thee  
and stande w<sup>th</sup> thee we wyl p<sup>r</sup> whole  
and helpe thee in the perple  
Nowe sayd king ioure I assente  
and then smartly forth they wente  
And made mahomet sacrifice  
with all the sarasines & were wyle  
and they prayed withouten mys  
that their kinge might be saved from beuis  
whan the king had so done  
to arme him he went right sone  
And went forth to Ermony  
with thze thousand men hardy  
sone had beuis adinges then  
Of kinge ioure and his men  
He toke with him his sonnes two  
Sabere and terry and other mo  
and rode kinge ioure agayne  
whā ioure sawe beuis he was faine  
and sayd to beuis I vnderstande  
why be ye come into this lande  
For ye rauished me of my wyfe



And syth bereste my men thy lyfe  
therfoze haue I taken counsaile  
Betwene vs to holde batayle  
and if thou me see by certyn agayne  
I graunt to thee, y land of mabragut  
And if I thee see not for thy  
wilt thou graunt me Armony  
Beuis graunted as he had tolde  
and vnder toke the batayle holde  
Into a place they gan to fyde  
Enclosed in water on every syde  
They drewethey swordes hastily  
and smot together with great empy  
their welles were beuised y thei bare  
their helms ceased their blows fare  
To gether they went an other waile  
and beuis hit ioure withy morglaye  
that his helme he gane downe pace  
There men might se his head bare  
And a quarter of his welde  
fell downe to the felde  
Horse and man he gane downe dreme  
and fel to the ground and that blisc  
Up lepte king ioure and gode  
and cried on mabragut as he wote good  
and smote to beuis in a touchdowne  
that beuis of a dodel lighted downe  
And right in beuis downe lying  
Ioure him smote without letyng  
aboue for beuis helme on the  
That the creest downe gan to  
and brosed the helme in fonder

Syr beuis kneled and that was wonder  
Syr beuis than was greued sore  
Up he lepte without any more  
and gaue kinge Joure such a cloute  
that he neuer rose after both out doute  
the sarasins were wo in that stounde  
Whan they sawe Joure dead at the grounde  
that he shoulde neuer after arise ne go  
Therfore they were full sozr and wo  
The other people for fere wolde haue fled  
But gup and myles in that stede  
Slew them more and lesse  
Or they might the water passe  
and some they drenchen in that stode  
there was none þe quike again yode  
Sir beuis was of puriteance  
He toke kinge Jours countinaunce  
and made them it upon them thow  
that no man might from Joure him knowe  
a great power with him toke he  
and went to mambryne that cytye  
Whan they within the toure  
sawe the coming of king Joure  
all they were glad and forre  
and opened the gates agayne  
and beuis into the cytye gan ryde  
With muche toy and muche pryde  
And thurgh that quant goune  
that ryche cytye gan they winne  
and made the all to become his men  
And dyd him homage then  
and they curth their maynetye

And beleyed in God and our lady  
and who that wolde not do so  
Immediately he did them flo.

**N**ome is heuising of the lande  
that sometime king Ioure had in hand  
Iosian that is so bright and shene  
Twise therof she hath bene queene  
Beuis and sabere upon a day  
with haukes & houndes went to play  
As they came by a ryuer  
soone they mete a messenger  
He asked them after a knight  
that fyrz sabere was called by right  
anone sabere gan forth spynge  
and said messenger what tydinge  
fyrz he sayd Edgar our kynge  
throughe his stewardes counseyling  
He hath desherited thine heire  
Cerris sayd sabere that is not faire  
He rode to beuis and tolde him the  
and asked him leue to go  
fir beuis answerd as a knight bend  
sabere he said to thee I will wend  
Iosian Wyles and fyrz gup  
and thy newe wyf fyrz terry  
therof was sabere glad  
for great power with him fir beuis had  
And so went he forth to Englande  
With men of armes ten thousand  
and sayled forth to south the humber  
With many knyghtes of great renowne  
B. iii. sabere



Saberes wiffe and robert his heyre  
They welcomed them full fayre  
Sabere asked the tidenges at hand  
Spz sayd Robart our lande  
Path the king avellid without faile  
through brians counsaill of cownsaill  
and hold the at his se boar des reed  
for arundel knote his sonne to dead  
Than said beutis by god on lyue  
We wyll the her dyure  
Beutis rode forth with litle boost  
at Putneth he lefte his boost  
that is from London miles thre  
and there he left his company  
And rode to london hym selue  
No man with him but knyghts. xxi  
He went forth to kinge Edgar  
and asked hy why & in what maner  
He had disheested sir Sabere  
and his sonne that is his heyre  
I delivred hym mine heritage  
Here before your baronage  
the kinge sayd to him right soone  
Sir beutis it ought be my done  
It shalbe amended in a parlamente  
With erles and barons alle  
All knyghtes that were there  
to sir beutis they made good chere  
Sawe sir brian a soule bent befall  
He was his most foe of all  
Spz sayd to the kinge  
Now is this a wonder thinge

that

As come into England agayne  
 with skyl we shal him hang & drape  
 for he is a traytoure against the lawe  
 The kinge would haue pardoned beuis  
 But the false steward sayd nay p'p'os  
 Beuis rode forth both wroth and wode  
 And aunsered neyther yll nor good  
 But toke his inne within the towne  
 and at his meate he sat him downe  
 for bylan than went forth he  
 and made a cry throughe the cite  
 All those that armes might beare  
 and fight with swerde and spere  
 that they shoulde arriue them anon  
 To take the kinges sone  
 Than was the gates p'loken  
 windowes & doores fast were stoken  
 Chaynes were draue in euery strete  
 to let for beuis ye may well wete  
 Whan sir beuis herde that treason  
 by he lepte as a Lyon  
 And he armed him thorow  
 and bad his men they shoulde go  
 To putneeth by a waye  
 and to my sonnes now ye say  
 that they hve them better blyue  
 If they wyl haue me on lyue  
 For whyles I fight here without  
 May ye go without dought  
 Beuis lepte by on arundell  
 he had no p'per to dwell

Was syz Bryan of Cornwalle  
He hath with him a great rout  
and beset beuis rounde aboute  
and to syz beuis sayde Brian  
turne thee as thou art a man  
thou art an olde knight of warre  
and to syz beuis he bare a spere  
So harde to beuis he droue  
that his shilde all to roue  
syz beuis hewed and he helde  
How the steward had broke þe sheld  
Certes sayd beuis now wyll I smite  
Glad wolde I be that deed to quite  
Beuis smote arundel under the side  
and with good morglay in that tide  
He hit sir brian on the crowne  
that to the saddell he cloue him downe  
and syz beuis stered him so in that rounde  
that to hundreth he eall to grounde  
and rode forth in to breed strete  
Many lombards there gan he mete  
and alleyled beuis wenders fall  
On euery side he them downe call  
Syz beuis had ben in many a land  
and many a battaile had in hande  
yet was he neuer so carefull a man  
In no batayle as he was than  
Syz beuis defended him wel enough  
Many he felled and many he slough  
On euery syde downe he them call  
and pricked so they among them fall



Call he came to the Church  
there he founde many men of a hepe  
than agayne began the fight  
Betwene the citie and the knight  
thā said syz beuis that was so good  
To the folke that were there  
I rede that ye unlocke the gate  
and let me ascape out thereat  
for if I were slayne here within  
Lytte worshype woulde ye mynne  
and all agaynst him gan they reye  
yelde thee beuis or thou shalt dye  
than fought beuis as he were wode  
and bathed his clay in their blode  
Sixte hundred men he felle to grounde  
yet had he yetther wounde ne wounde  
But muche blode of that man  
thzough sweete of his body came  
than dreyne it toward the night  
the people were reye ruer to fight  
than began a rounde his deye  
to helpe syz beuis at his neye  
By twenty fote on euery syde  
Durst no man that bozte abyde  
and so lasted than that fight  
Betwene them at a somers night  
Syz beuis knyghts I understonde  
To putneth brought forth sonde  
that Beuis sonnes woulde dye them blyue  
If they wolde dare theye set on lyue  
Whan Iohan heard them there beuis  
In a towne fallen he is

**S**yr myles her come and  
**T**oke her by certeyn  
**S**onnes he said what is your name  
**F**or certes your father is  
**T**he best rege that  
**I**s that we be cur  
**R**ay sayd myles we be not on  
**U**nto our father wyll we go  
and brynge him good socoure  
yf he be lyvinge in that flour  
**A**nd if that he daye be  
**W**e wyll deffende all the contree  
**O**n armes lordinges gan they tye  
**S**ome they were all rege  
**S**yr guy herode a comyn knyght  
**H**e was beut and not lycht  
**S**yr hennis with his bowe  
**W**anne it in the bowe  
and a noble sworde can he take  
that was ones sir lance lous bulake  
and miles had his andell in his hand  
that somtime ought to be  
**H**is horse as swifte as a thowme  
there might no horse him followe  
**S**ippes toke they that tye  
and over the Tennes gan they ride  
and broughte them to the citty  
**T**en thousand knyghtes  
they came at a waters side  
with muche force and great payde  
at a luggate they gan to fynde  
and sawe at that they founde  
**C**ertes lordinges I you saye

Be than sprang the lyght of daye  
sic beuis was so wey in that sight  
than vnder this he might set by right  
ther dwelled a lumbard in p'rounce  
a doughty man of great renoune  
and he had gadered a great boote  
and rode forth with great boote  
and in his hande a good fauchione  
That was made of stele byroune  
and forth he picked to syz beuis  
and saide wilt thou asse no reuons  
and than anon with his fauchione  
He hit beuis vpon the crowne  
that beuis for faintnes fath he lode  
and leaned vpon his saddle vnder  
That same beuis longe he laye  
and came pricke and with great rage  
With his swerde d'raue to his harte  
and to p' lumbard he sente his harte  
So harde on his head he hit  
that through helme and b'ard  
Wane and boote in that stroke  
He smote a blowe to the crowne  
the poynt on the p'auement  
that the fyre out went  
Syz beuis for that stroke  
and good comforte to him  
He thanked god on his knees  
that him helpe from beuis  
Arundell for tope he was  
and hope beuis for to  
for beuis turned him in that stroke



And saue his other son lyz myle  
Came pricking with a great route  
with many armed men hym aboute  
He nedeth neuer to seke leche  
that lyz myles might ouer reche  
When might here crownes crake  
whan beuis sonnes bengaurce gan take  
So harde they gan together mete  
that the blode ranne in every strete  
So many men was dead  
the Chepe syde was of blode read  
for there was sayne I vnderstand  
to the number of thirtie thousande  
Throughe the false stewardes read  
and yet he was the first dead  
It is south with our lesynge  
Of falschede cometh neuer good endynge  
In every strete men might se  
Men in great paine to dye  
Hedes quartered with the thees  
shankes cut of by the knees  
Handes and armes both cut out  
Hedes with helmes tremeling about  
Dead bodie quartered in the  
that it was great pite for to se  
whā beuis his enemy had deffrold  
Unto putne the hēd vpon  
Jolian was neuer in sayne  
as whan the saye beuis agayne  
Beuis toke Jolian full soone  
and to south wānted they came agayne  
There he thought wānted sayne

To abyde the kynges batayle

¶ How the kyng took trewe & both beuis &  
wedded his daughter to miles & made him  
lorde of Cornewale & which longed to  
Brian the kynges steward which sit beuis  
stowe in the cytye of London.



¶ Ydinges came to kyng Edgar  
Of all the feythinge that was there  
kyng Edgar bid full rightes  
Sende after viles, barons, and knyghtes

And tolde them throughe his lordshippes  
That all his men were thus deed  
I am nowe an olde man  
and beuis muche of matre care  
He came hether frome fere  
With great power on him to werre  
two sonnes he hath to him brought  
therfore lordinges I take great thought

Myself shall take my daughter to wyfe  
for to swage all our Griefe

And make for myles erle of Cornwalle  
that was for byrians without faile  
all theyr counsailes him to do so

A messenger the kinge sent to  
To beuis of South hampton  
and bad he would come to London

I will that it be ordayned so  
to make a louage betwene vs two  
his sonne shall wedde my daughter

for the erle of Cornwalle shall be  
for he is beuis comen to london  
and the kinges daughter brought forth

and to the churche doze she was ledde  
and so for myles was she wedde  
The kinge gaue myles in dowrye

the erldome of Cornwalle  
there was with at their weddinge  
Tournament and great ioye

at that ponsaile in that manere  
The kinge and beuis late full nere  
frome wylle beuis home wende

He toke his leue at a kinge to hende  
and



and also at his sonne for to be  
and betoke his sonne to the laboure  
for he shoulde him fesse and let  
Now is heuis gone and for Guy  
Josyan and the for to be  
and beuis let them their lande  
and betoke them to goddes hande  
and to manbrant beuis game save  
and seven yere he laved there  
than wared Josyan for to be  
and beuis also as for to be  
Bisshopes and friers came to them byrue  
Beuis and Josyan for to be  
Whan beuis and Josyan the good  
Had them selfe humbled to good in moode  
Eythet turned to other without host  
and both they prided by the host  
Muche sorow made for Guy  
there was no bote for that truly  
for all we shalbe dead ywys  
Whan that christes wyl is  
Syr Guy than to the stable went he  
Arundell his houle for to se  
Whan he came there he founde  
for arundell there he founde  
Syr Guy thought marueyle & south to saye  
for all they dyed upon adaye  
Sir Guy did ordeyne and make  
for sir beuis and Josyans sake  
A place of religion of prync  
To singe for Josyan and beuis

kinge and queene as they were  
Jesu chris in the churche  
On these longes have mee  
thus ended these of south  
king and knight of great  
and they p have harde this tallinge  
Jesu graunt them good endinge  
and bringe by all to heven blisse  
that ever shall laste and never  
do to blisse bringe by be  
That for he dyed upon the tre.

Amen.

Printed at London, in Northwiche  
William Copland.







EN

ND